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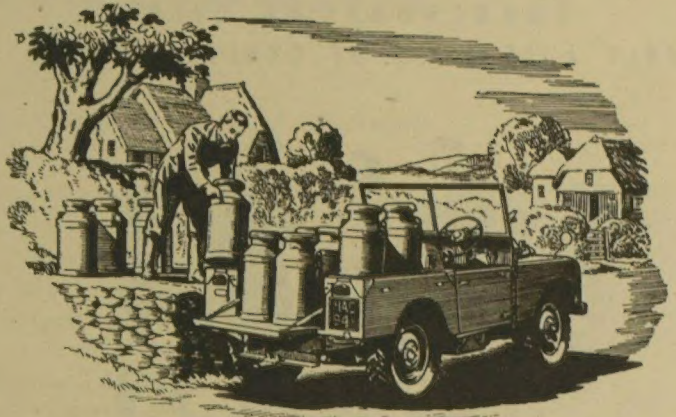
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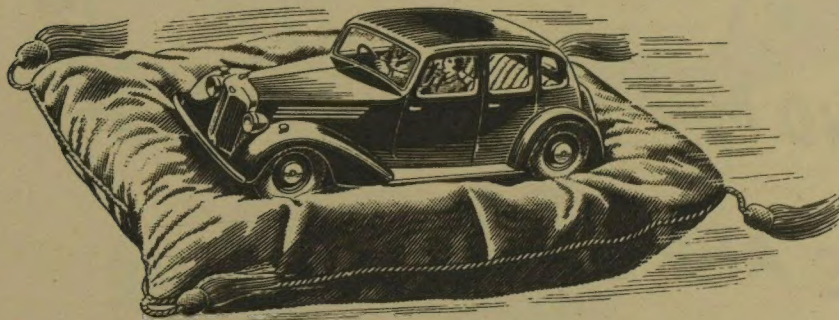
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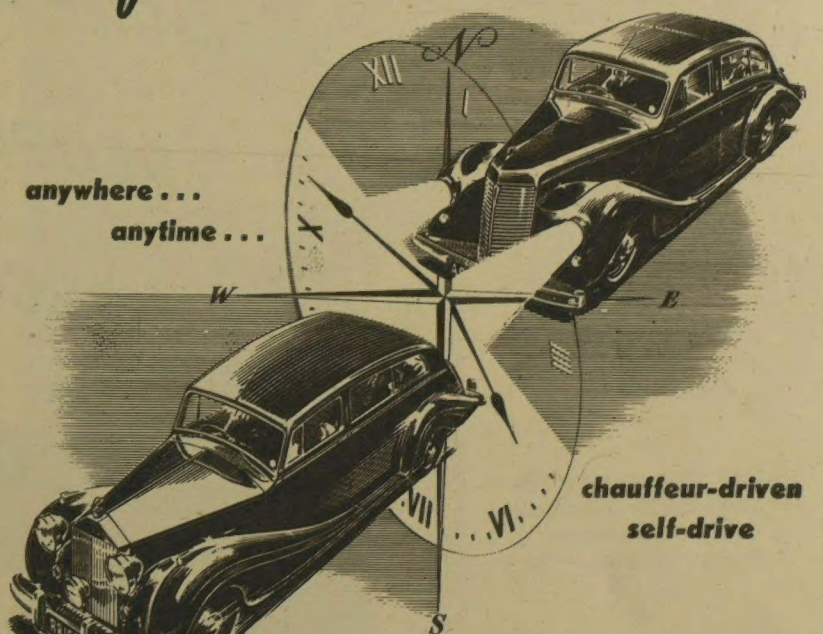


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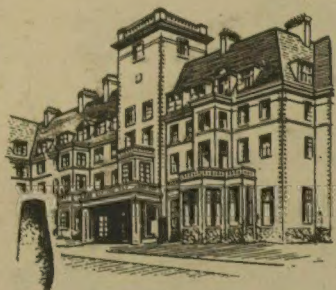
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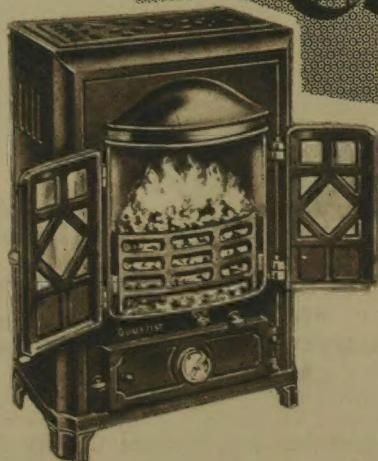
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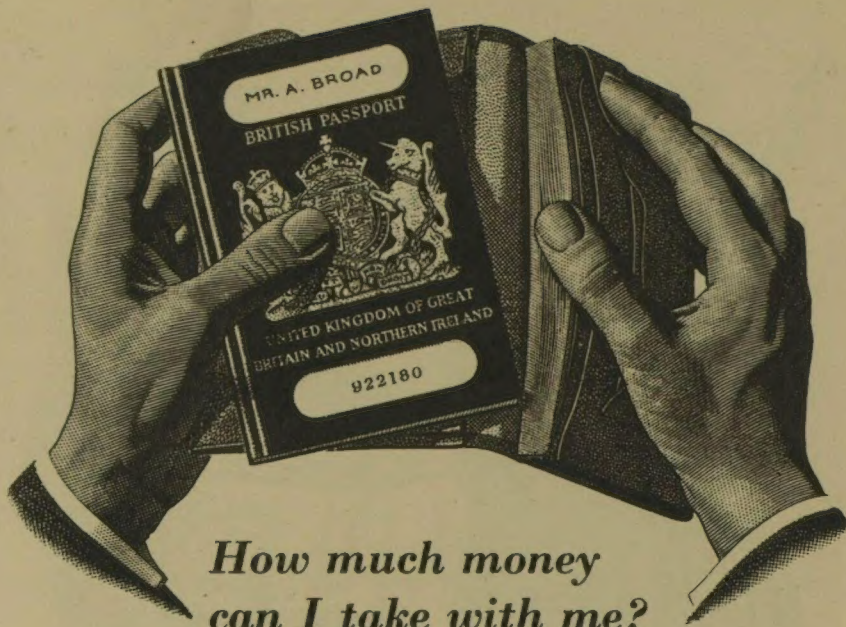


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SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1952.



A HISTORICAL FORESHADOWING OF A MODERN FASHION, IN FOURTH-CENTURY ROMAN MOSAICS: A GIRL IN A "BIKINI" BATHING COSTUME AND WITH HER PARASOL READY FOR THE BEACH—NEWLY DISCOVERED IN SICILY.

Among the amazing mosaics discovered in the Imperial Roman villa near Piazza Armerina in Sicily—easily the largest and finest Roman mosaics yet discovered—the most astonishing series is that discovered in a small chamber. It is artistically inferior to the other mosaics and is confidently believed to be the work of a less skilled artist—its remarkable qualities lying in its subject and the treatment thereof. It shows eight female gymnasts, naked except for exiguous two-piece bathing costumes of a type unknown until the post-war years, when the astonished French gave them the name of "Bikinis," after the site of some of the U.S. atom-bomb tests, in some slight recognition of

their effect. Of these anomalously modern-looking females, some are running, another is using dumb-bells, another throwing the discus, and another (the one shown above) "doing nothing except twirl a parasol in a somewhat affected manner." In Signor Gentili's article on page 426, in which he discusses the various mosaics found in this Roman villa, he comments on the light "which it throws on the athletic activities of women in the latter days of the Roman Empire." He also quotes Pace as believing that the mosaic represents a water spectacle, with women indulging in water sports. If this is so, they would appear to be sports of the Lido rather than the Olympic variety.





By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AT eight o'clock in the morning, we are told, the valet at Sandringham called King George and found he was dead. Some time during the night, without a single one of the numberless millions throughout the world who looked to him as their Sovereign or chief knowing that he had ceased to reign, his fifteen years reign ended. And at the same unknown moment of the night, without one of those millions knowing that it was so, a new reign began. Nor did the new Head of this vast Commonwealth, herself thousands of miles away at the time in Central Africa, have any idea until several hours afterwards that she had so suddenly and tragically become Queen. Yet there was no dislocation of political existence, no disturbance, no constitutional conflict, no uncertainty as to the future in any one of the many huge and complex communities that depended on this transition. There was merely mourning and ceremonial commemoration and the proclamation of a new reign. Quietly, invisibly, imperceptibly under the surface of these outward forms, the course of life continued automatically for all the millions who had owed allegiance to King George and now owed it to Queen Elizabeth.

We take, and took, it all for granted. It is really a kind of miracle. To our remote ancestors, and the very recent ones of some of the Oriental and African peoples over whom our new Queen reigns, it would have seemed miraculous indeed. Such a peaceful transition from reign to reign did not always occur. In the past, including our own past, the death of a Sovereign was attended always by grave uncertainty and anxiety and by many vast and disturbing political changes, and not infrequently by assassination, rebellion, anarchy and civil war. There are many countries to-day where such uncertainty and danger still exist. Who, for instance, can predict with assurance what will happen in Stalin's Russia or Franco's Spain, and what suffering and disaster may ensue for millions when the Head of the State dies? The evolution of constitutional monarchy in Britain has been an immense blessing, not only for those who live in this island but for a large part of humanity. And we owe it in the first place to those far-away kings of whom I wrote on this page a week or two ago and whose wraiths, in shadowy gold and scarlet, could be descried by the historically imaginative behind the glittering crown and sceptre and the majestic empurpled pall of last month's tragic obsequies. They were the first real founders of the State we inherit and we owe them our gratitude.

I wrote of William the Conqueror, who made the King's Peace prevail over the magnate's private war; and Henry I., who laid the foundations of our administration and offices of State. But greater even than these was the man who gave us our legal system and common law: the Angevin whom we call Henry the Second. He was stocky, bandy-legged, bull-necked, with a freckled face and leonine head, cropped hair and prominent grey eyes: unassuming in talk and dress, affable, generous, wonderfully persuasive, modest and open to all. He was always moving, always active, and so restless that even in chapel he chattered or scribbled perpetually. He never sat down except to ride or eat. Like his grandfather, Henry I., a tireless worker, slaving over public business far into the night, his range of interests was much wider. Beneath the surface of his nature lay a demonic energy. Shrewd statesman, tireless administrator, subtle diplomat, fiery soldier, judge, huntsman, lover of arts, the inner man was too dynamic to be contained in one body. Like Napoleon, he wore out everyone round him.

He inherited a great empire—Anjou, Touraine, Maine and Brittany from his father, England and Normandy from his mother, and the whole of south-west France by his marriage with Eleanor of Aquitaine, the greatest heiress of the age. He made it still wider. But Henry's work was not the expansion of his country's frontiers. It was the expansion of her laws. Until now, the King's Law had merely covered certain crimes and places, such as the Royal domains and the highways. Outside these the only law available had been that of the feudal nobles and the customs of the different

provinces—Kent, Wessex, Northumbria, Mercia, the Danelaw, London, the Celtic West. There were so many laws in England—the result of its many invasions—that the penalty for injuring a man varied from county to county. Henry sought to establish a common system for north, south, west and east, for town and country, for Norman, Englishman and Welshman. He nationalised the Law.

He did so in two ways. Through the trained legal officials who sat in Westminster Hall to hear the pleas of suitors while he was absent on journeys and who gradually evolved the Courts of Exchequer, Common Pleas and King's Bench, he offered his subjects a growing variety of writs for obtaining justice. By the Assize of Clarendon in 1166 he gave his judges sole jurisdiction in cases of murder, robbery, arson and forgery, while by the writs of *disseisin* and *praecipe* he offered free men the right to have cases affecting the possession of land tried in his courts. And, by sending out every year itinerant Judges of Eyre or Assize to meet the sheriffs and preside in the county courts, he made the Common Law, as it became called, available in every part of the land. His legal remedies were juster, cheaper and more speedy than those in private courts. "The convincing proof of our King's strength and justice," wrote a subject, "is that whoever has a just cause wants to have it tried before him."

By the end of Henry's reign it was difficult for a man to commit any

major offence against the King's peace or against a fellow free-man which did not bring him within the range of a Royal writ. To the most efficient method of tax-collection in Europe and the best administration had been added a nation-wide system of known and ascertainable law. The Conqueror had given England unity of defence, his son, unity of administration. Now his great-grandson gave her something even greater. He took the best of the old English system of local and neighbourly justice and the wider one which the Normans, through their French and Italian contacts, derived from the Roman Empire, and blended them into one. The Common Law was partly based on legal principles rediscovered in Italy during the twelfth century from a study of Roman Law. But it differed from the systems that developed in the

#### IN ANTARCTICA: FAREWELL TO MAUDHEIM.



ONE OF THE LAST CEREMONIES AT MAUDHEIM: THE STRIKING OF THE BRITISH, NORWEGIAN AND SWEDISH FLAGS.

Captain John Gæver, of Norway, the leader, and the twelve surviving members of the first international expedition in Polar history—the Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition to Queen Maud Land—landed at Southampton on February 18 after two years' exploratory work in the Antarctic. Three others who made up the original party were killed last year when their snow tractor went over a precipice in mist. One of the last actions in Maudheim was the striking of the British, Norwegian and Swedish flags which can be seen in our photograph. As the Antarctic research ship *Norsel* moved away from the ice edge at Maudheim with the members of the expedition on board, wreaths of artificial flowers and broad silk ribbons in red, white, yellow and blue were thrown on to the ice in memory of the three men who had lost their lives. Other photographs taken just before the expedition left Queen Maud Land appear on the opposite page.

Latin kingdoms of the Continent by being "built, not on the abstract edicts of remote Royal law-givers, but on the judgments of practising judges, applying, both at Westminster and on circuit, their legal knowledge to concrete cases. Such recorded case-law embodied much that was both valuable and popular from local custom and usage. Its growth was a two-way process.

Perhaps most important of all, England retained the wise Teutonic principle by which every case was tried in public, as it used to be in the presence of the tribe. The secret tribunal, that age-old instrument of tyranny, was alien to the Common Law. And in ascertaining fact the King's judges made increasing use of the ancient Anglo-Saxon system of a sworn jury of neighbours called together to testify to matters of local knowledge. It was this collaboration between professional judges stating the law and laymen deciding questions of fact that most distinguished English justice from that of other nations.

All this prepared the way for the rule of law that was to become the dominant trait of England's life. Henceforward, whoever gave law to her, was to have it obeyed, and by the strong as well as by the weak, because a machinery existed for enforcing it. The professional judges whom Henry appointed, the regular courts in which they operated, the writs they devised to meet popular needs and the judgments in which they enshrined guiding precedents, all helped to ensure that justice should be done even in the King's absence or in the reign of a weak or unjust sovereign. By making the Common Law the permanent and unchanging embodiment of the King sitting in judgment, the great Angevin established the continuity of peaceful national existence which has grown round the habit of obedience to Law.





BERTHED AT THE EDGE OF THE ICE BARRIER AT MAUDHEIM: THE ANTARCTIC RESEARCH SHIP NORSEL, IN WHICH THE ANGLO-SCANDINAVIAN EXPEDITION SAILED BACK ON JANUARY 15 TO CIVILISATION AFTER NEARLY TWO YEARS IN THE REMOTE WILDERNESS.



AN IMPRESSIVE ICE-CLIFF GLITTERING IN THE ANTARCTIC SUNLIGHT: THE POINT, AT THE ENTRANCE TO NORSEL BAY, NEAR MAUDHEIM. IN TWO YEARS SOME HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF SQUARE MILES OF QUEEN MAUD LAND WERE EXPLORED AND MAPPED.

#### EXPLORING THE ANTARCTIC: THE RETURN OF THE POLAR EXPEDITION FROM QUEEN MAUD LAND.

When the twelve surviving members of the first international expedition to the Antarctic—the Norwegian-British-Swedish expedition—landed at Southampton on February 18, the leader, Captain John Giaever, of Norway, said that the expedition had been more hazardous than any of the fifteen he had previously undertaken to the Arctic. But it was “an outstanding success. . . . I do not think there has ever been a Polar expedition with so little friction between members as on this one.” The party, which included Britons, Australians, Norwegians,

Swedes and a Canadian, brought back data which will take months to collate. As the result of two years' team-work, the expedition explored and mapped some hundreds of thousands of square miles of the Norwegian dependency, Queen Maud Land, including some 800 miles of coastline. Seismologists and climatologists brought back a vast amount of data about ice depths and temperature records which have still to be interpreted; and geologists and photographers reached the mountains that stick out of the ice 200 miles in the interior.





WITH ONE OF THE SCHOOL'S MOST FAMOUS OLD BOYS, SIR PHILIP SIDNEY, SYMBOLISING KNIGHTLY CHIVALRY AND SACRIFICE: SHREWSBURY SCHOOL'S WAR MEMORIAL.



THE CLASSICAL SIXTH-FORM ROOM AT SHREWSBURY, WITH, IN THE CENTRE, AN ANCIENT READING-DESK WHICH DATES BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL IN THE HEART OF THE TOWN.

#### CHIVALRY AND CLASSICAL SCHOLARSHIP: TWO OF THE CONTINUING TRADITIONS OF SHREWSBURY'S FOUR HUNDRED YEARS.

The Roll of the Old Boys of Shrewsbury School (celebrating this summer its quatercentenary) is indeed a distinguished one; and whatever one's opinion of such famous names as Dr. Charles Burney, Charles Darwin and Samuel Butler, there is no school whatever which would not be proud to number Sir Philip Sidney among its alumni. And it is his statue that serves to symbolise the spirit of chivalry and sacrifice on the school's memorial of its members who fell in the 1914-18 War. It looks out on the main school buildings, the fine

Alington Hall and, more distantly, the playing fields. Around its base is an arc wall recording those who fell in the 1939-45 War. It was in the nineteenth century, under the headmasterships of Butler, Kennedy (of the famous Primer and other books) and Moss, that Shrewsbury won such a name for classical scholarship with such great classics as Scott, Munro, Mayor, Page and Kennedy himself in an age when Cambridge Senior Classics seemed to be almost invariably Salopians.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY STEPHEN BONE.





THE MAIN SCHOOL BUILDING, SHREWSBURY, WITH (RIGHT) THE SCHOOL WALL, A RECORD OF DISTINGUISHED ATHLETES AND (INSET) THE RE-FOUNDATION STONE OF THE WALL.



SHREWSBURY SCHOOL'S MAGNIFICENT SITUATION: LOOKING FROM ONE OF THE SCHOOL HOUSE BEDROOMS—THE WORD "DORMITORY" IS NOT USED—TOWARDS THE TOWN.

#### SHREWSBURY SCHOOL'S QUATERCENTENARY: ITS MAGNIFICENT MODERN SITE AND THE SCHOOL WALL OF HONOUR.

The Old School of Shrewsbury (celebrating this summer its quatercentenary) is in the heart of the town, and it was the school's premises from the sixteenth century until 1882. It is now the town's public library and museum. In 1882 the school moved to Kingsland, its present magnificent site above the Severn, looking over the river to Shrewsbury Castle and town. The school is now mainly of brick and the main school building is a reconstructed eighteenth-century Foundling Hospital, which, rather curiously, has two

identical façades. The School Wall was brought from the Old School to the new site. It bears many names; but it is now very difficult for a boy to have his added there, the standard of qualification for the honour (mainly athletic) being very high indeed. The jubilee of the move to Kingsland was celebrated in June, 1932, and was honoured by a visit of the then Prince of Wales; and a stone recorded in Latin that "Edward, eldest son of King George, laid this stone as a new foundation to this ancient wall."

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY STEPHEN BONE.





# CELEBRATING THIS YEAR ITS FOUR-HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY: SHREWSBURY SCHOOL, A VIEW OF THE MAIN

The Royal Charter of Edward VI, which founded Shrewsbury School is dated February 10, 1552, but the school's official quatercentenary ceremonies are not to be held until June 19 to 22 this summer. The school came into being at the request of the people of the neighbourhood, who felt the lack of educational opportunities. From 1561 to 1571 it was ruled by a great headmaster, Thomas Ashton, who laid down its ordinances, set its tone and established its fame; and

among his pupils were Sir Philip Sidney and his great friend and biographer, the poet Fulke Greville. This fame was confirmed under the next headmaster but one, John Meighen, who ruled for fifty-two years from 1583 to 1635, and in whose time the school was described as the largest in England. In the Civil War, the headmaster, a staunch Royalist, lent Charles I. £600 from the school funds, and was expelled under the Commonwealth, being reinstated, however, at the

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED



# SCHOOL BUILDING AND CHAPEL LOOKING OVER THE RIVER SEVERN AND THE SCHOOL'S BOATHOUSE.

Restoration. The Royal debt, however, remained unpaid. About this time there were sometimes 600 boys in the school, *oppidani*, Shrewsbury boys, and *alieni*, boys from far afield. In the eighteenth century the school fell into the doldrums, the numbers dropping to as low as twenty, or even, by one account, to one. In 1798, however, Dr. Butler, the grandfather of Samuel Butler, was appointed, and began the series of great nineteenth-century headmasters—Butler, Kennedy and

Moss. During the rule of the last, the school removed from its cramped quarters in the heart of the town to Kingland, the present magnificent site on the banks of the Severn. During this century a succession of distinguished headmasters—C. A. Allington (1908-1916), H. A. P. Sawyer (1917-1932), H. H. Hardy (1932-1944), J. F. Woffenden (1944-1950), and the present headmaster, Mr. J. M. Peterson, have maintained the traditions and continued the progress of the school.

LONDON NEWS" BY STEPHEN BONE.



## LIFE IN THE ROYAL NAVY DURING THE NAPOLEONIC PERIOD.

"FIVE NAVAL JOURNALS: 1789-1817." Edited by REAR-ADMIRAL H. G. THURSFIELD, F.S.A.\*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.



REAR-ADMIRAL H. G. THURSFIELD, F.S.A.,  
THE EDITOR OF "FIVE NAVAL JOURNALS,"  
REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Rear-Admiral Henry George Thursfield was born in 1882 and was educated at Berkhamsted School and in H.M.S. *Britannia*. He has been Naval Correspondent of *The Times*, and Editor of "Brassey's Naval Annual" since 1936. He is a member of the Council of the Navy Records Society; the Society for Nautical Research; the Institution of Naval Architects and the Royal Literary Fund.

first-hand documents about the Navy during the Napoleonic period were scarce. That, I suppose, is true: it is not so easy to write at sea as it is on land; and the pressed-men on the Lower Deck, cribbed, cabined, confined and, at last, erupting in the Mutiny at the Nore, were unlikely to produce chroniclers of the calibre of Rifleman Harris and Private Wheeler. But Captain Marryat's novels would supply ample material for a reconstructing novelist, and the Navy Records Society, plugging on year by year on its modest subscriptions, is doing its best to fill the gap.

The Society still hasn't unearthed many "records" from the Lower Deck. At the end of this volume there is a list of its publications, now nearing their century. The List begins with State Papers relating to the defeat of the Spanish Armada, and proceeds through all sorts of State Papers and Admirals' Journals, "Papers relating to the Loss of Minorca in 1756" and "The Old Scots Navy, 1689-1710," to "The Naval Brigades in the Indian Mutiny." But "Jack Tar," at any rate in the list of titles, hardly gets a look in.

In this volume he does. It contains, *inter alia*, journals written by a chaplain, a surgeon, an able seaman and a midshipman: a fair cross-section. The midshipman was Charles Abbot, afterwards second Lord Colchester: his narrative is post-Napoleonic, telling the story of H.M.S. *Alceste*, which took Lord Amherst's Mission to China in 1816-17 and was wrecked on the homeward passage, the accompanying ship at the start being the brig *Lyra*, commanded by that famous traveller and writer Captain Basil Hall. Abbot's Journal is interesting mainly as a travel-book rather than as revealing conditions of life on board ship. He describes Rio de Janeiro, Table Bay, Cape Town, St. Paul and Amsterdam, Java, Macao, Hong Kong, the Korean coast, the Soo-Choo Islands, and the Philippines, where, on Pulo Pongo, they were wrecked. His account of this disaster is strongly reminiscent of "Robinson Crusoe" and "Masterman

resembled Crusoe's, though Abbot and his friends were not alone and had boats. And, as with Crusoe, savages turned up. These were not Caribs, but Malays: "The Malays who inhabit the coast of Borneo and the small islands that lie between it and Banca are a race of ferocious savages that subsist partly by fishing and partly by plunder. They always go armed and live chiefly in their boats under the command of a rajah or chief, who commands from ten to twenty small vessels. . . . they possess a



CAPTAIN MURRAY MAXWELL.

From an engraving by T. Wageman, 1817. By permission of the Trustees of the National Maritime Museum.

Captain Murray Maxwell (1775-1831) entered the Navy in 1790. He was captain of H.M.S. *Alceste* in 1816 when Charles Abbot, then a midshipman, wrote his journal of a voyage to China, which forms the fourth of the naval journals in the book reviewed on this page.

desperate courage, and a contempt of death that makes them formidable enemies. Such are the people who had commenced hostilities against us by depriving us of the ship at a time that rendered it particularly provoking, as several casks of beer and water had been got up out of the hold during the preceeding night and the raft was laden with chests and hammocks ready to be towed on shore." The captain prudently decided to let the Malays have their plunder, and then, in real life as in fiction, began the building of a stout stockade. After various encounters a Company's ship came to the rescue and the party went

to Batavia. There Abbot recorded: "Both the Malays and Javanese have the utmost abhorrence of the Dutch, by whom they have always been treated with harshness and often with cruelty." On the way home, in a "free-trader," there was a call at St. Helena. Lord Amherst and his suite called on Bonaparte, of whom Abbot remarks: "He is not so fat and unwieldy as he is generally represented to be and appeared to be in very good health, but is much dissatisfied with his present condition, of which he complains bitterly, and in many instances with great injustice, as Sir Hudson Lowe shows him every civility that he thinks compatible with his security." That is

the usual story: Napoleon in his megalomania not merely failed to recognise that he was lucky to get away with his life but conveniently forgot that he had already escaped from Elba and plunged Europe once more into a sea of blood.

The chaplain was the Rev. Edward Mangin, a man of Huguenot descent, who lived to be a well-known inhabitant of Bath and writer of literary and theological discursions. He spent three-and-a-half months in the Navy, as a result of having no "employment as a parochial clergyman," and those months were enough: his MS. bears a note saying that his object was "to show how much out of place a clergyman

is in a ship-of-war, especially in war-time." His career, if short, was varied: he even, the day after a tremendous storm, christened a child on board ship, and he conducted a burial at sea, which he describes very vividly. But he was no sooner in than he wished himself out: "I felt most poignantly the horrible conviction that I was—in the strongest and most disgusting sense of the bitter word—a slave: and I would not endure the sensations I then experienced, nor live a fortnight again on board of a man-of-war, for the rank of Lord High Admiral of England, and all its emoluments."

He is eminently readable, however; and so is Mr. Cullen, the surgeon who served for many years, and enjoyed himself, especially if some brother-officer was the cousin of a peer. Life in the Wardroom seems to have been cheerful for him: the drawing which Mr. Mangin left of a Wardroom, bleak and bare, makes one wonder that there wasn't an officers' Mutiny at the Nore. The sad mutiny of the men was witnessed by Cullen. He says of Parker, the leader: "Parker, being condemned, was hanged at the foreyard arm of the *Sandwich* on June 30. He died with great fortitude, acknowledging the justice of his suffering, but considered the Mutiny as necessary, being the only means the sailors had of having their great grievances redressed." That was a tragedy.

The seaman was Robert Wilson, who kept a diary from 1805 to 1809, ultimately became Master of a ship, and deserted, apparently under great provocation. His naval career began by his being taken by a press-gang while on his way to the Isle of Dogs, having just returned from a voyage to Jamaica. There seems to have been little resentment: he had joined the Service and put his heart into it. His diary is very long, but kept as regularly as a log: entries being as short as: "Fine, pleasant weather. Saw Mount Etna." But there is a good deal of Marryatish detail in it, about sighting strangers and captures of merchantmen, and he evidently meant it to be read. For he concludes: "If my writings have not that flow of style and correctness of symmetry that they ought to have, I trust my friends and readers will overt [?] to that defect, and when they come to consider that one hour I was writing this book, and the next busied on ship's duty, I flatter myself I may claim an excuse."

Admiral Thursfield has edited his Journals very well, as becomes a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. He has produced what he can of the histories of the diarists. What he has not produced is the history of the manuscripts. The four principal Journals are, at present, in the collection of Sir Bruce Ingram. But what was the history of the manuscripts? Did they until recently remain in the hands of the writers' families, like the letters of Private

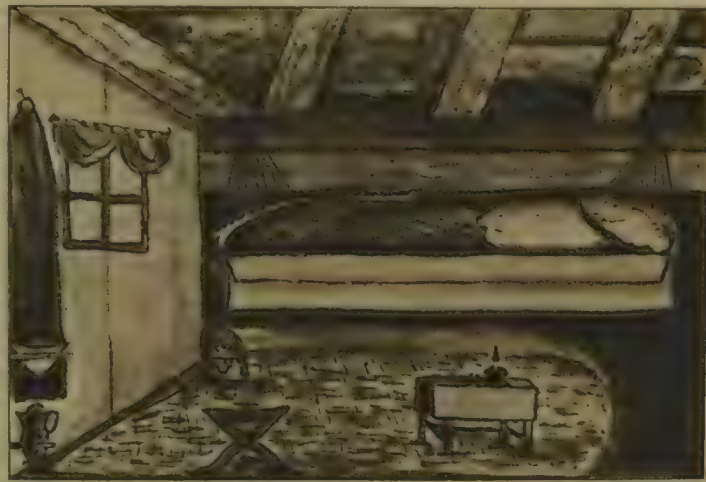


THE WARDROOM, H.M.S. GLOUCESTER, AT DINNER-TIME.

Water-colour sketch by the Rev. E. Mangin in his Journal.

The first of the five journals in the book reviewed on this page was written by a chaplain, the Rev. Edward Mangin, who was forty years of age when he first went to sea. It is a vivid account of his three months and fourteen days in the Navy, and is illustrated by water-colour sketches, two of which are reproduced here. Despite the [Continued opposite.

Ready," though neither of these shipwrecked mariners had Embassies on board, or spare boats in which to send the V.I.P.s off in search of assistance. "Great numbers of ringtail monkeys inhabit the woods which are also infested by scorpions, snakes, lizards and myriads of ants. Limes were the only fruit which we found and these in very small quantities; but the rocks supplied us with abundance of shell-fish." The procedure for taking salvage ashore much



THE CHAPLAIN'S CABIN, H.M.S. GLOUCESTER.

Water-colour sketch by the Rev. E. Mangin in his Journal.

[Continued.] discomforts of ship life in 1812, which he found overwhelming, he records that: "our table was well supplied; a glutton would have found the articles of food abundant—and none but an epicure would have thought them ill-dressed."

Illustrations reproduced from the book "Five Naval Journals: 1789-1817."

Wheeler? Did they go through the omnivorous manuscript maw of Sir Thomas Phillipps? Or did they live a merely gipsy life, and wander at last into their rightful home with Sir Bruce and the Society?

I am not, and never was, a sailor; but I can't help suggesting that, in the next edition of this engaging volume, a "ha'porth of tar" might be provided in the shape of a history of the manuscripts. *Habent sua fata libelli*—and their fates might as well be recorded.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 432 of this issue.

\*"Five Naval Journals: 1789-1817." Edited by Rear-Admiral H. G. Thursfield, F.S.A. Illustrations and a Map. (Navy Records Society. Price to non-members, 45/-.)



# FROM EUROPE AND ASIA: A RECORD OF TOPICAL EVENTS AND NEWS.



ANIMAL RECIPIENTS OF AMERICAN AID TO EUROPE: A HERD OF HUNGRY DEER IN THE DEEP SNOW IN BAVARIA SEEN FROM ONE OF THE "MERCY MISSION" U.S.A.F. AIRCRAFT. The American Air Force responded most generously to a recent urgent call for help by the forest authorities in Bavaria; and dropped large quantities of hay for the deer which were in danger of starvation in the Bavarian mountains owing to the exceptionally heavy falls of snow in Central Europe



DESTINED TO PROVIDE FOOD FOR DEER IN DANGER OF STARVATION IN THE SNOW-COVERED BAVARIAN HIGHLANDS: BALES OF HAY BEING LOADED INTO A U.S.A.F. AIRCRAFT. last month. The animals were so weakened by cold and lack of food that they were falling an easy prey to predatory dogs and foxes. The operation began on February 15 and continued throughout the following day. It is hoped that the deer will thus survive.



RIOTING IN KOWLOON, OPPOSITE TO HONG KONG ISLAND, ON MARCH 1: POLICE MOVING IN TOWARDS A CROSS-ROADS WHERE A LORRY AND MOTOR-CYCLE WERE BURNING.



FIREMEN IN ACTION IN KOWLOON DURING THE RIOTS OF MARCH 1: PLAYING A HOSE ON AN ARMY LORRY WHICH HAD BEEN OVERTURNED AND SET ON FIRE. Riots in Kowloon on March 1, during which police were attacked and military and private motor vehicles overturned and burned, were caused by the non-arrival of a Communist "Comforts Mission" for Chinese rendered homeless by a fire last November. The Chinese Chamber of Commerce was advised that the mission's visit had been postponed, but the Trades Union Federation apparently failed to notify their rank and file of this.



WITH THE 49-LB. SALMON HE CAUGHT IN THE ROYALTY FISHERY, CHRISTCHURCH, A RECORD FOR THE HAMPSHIRE AVON, AND PROBABLY FOR SOUTHERN ENGLAND: MR. C. M. HOWARD, OF SOUTHAMPTON (LEFT).

A new record for the Hampshire Avon, and probably for Southern England, was set up last week by Mr. G. M. Howard, with the landing of a 49-lb. salmon, 4 ft. 2 ins. long, with a girth of 26 ins. The fish was hooked on the last of a flight of three hooks with a silver sprat on a nylon line, and was played for twenty-five minutes.







# PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**SIR JOHN GREEN.**

Appointed chairman of the Iron and Steel Corporation in succession to Mr. Steven Hardie, who resigned, Sir John Green has been Deputy Chairman since 1950. Before he joined the Corporation he was a director of Thomas Firth and John Brown.



**LORD WAVERLEY.**

Following "unjustified personal aspersions" cast on him by the Opposition, Lord Waverley resigned his appointment as Chairman of the Royal Commission on the Taxation of Profits. As Sir John Anderson he held important Ministerial appointments.



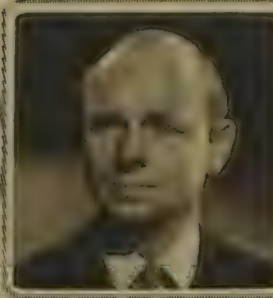
**PRESENTING HIS CREDENTIALS TO H.M. KING TALAL, KING OF THE JORDAN: MR. G. W. FURLONGE, NEWLY-APPOINTED BRITISH MINISTER TO JORDAN.**

Mr. Geoffrey W. Furlonge, the newly-appointed British Minister to Jordan, presented his credentials to H.M. King Talal, King of the Jordan, in the Royal Diwan in Amman on February 18. The Prime Minister, Tewfik Pasha Abulhuda, can be seen in the photograph (centre). Until his appointment as British Minister in Jordan in succession to Sir Alec Kirkbride, Mr. Furlonge was head of the Eastern Department at the Foreign Office.



**THE HON. R. G. WARD.**

Appointed Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air. Mr. Ward was elected for Worcester in 1945 as Group Captain Ward, with a majority of 4; since increased to 5000. He was Chairman, Conservative Party's Parliamentary Air Committee.



**MR. NIGEL BIRCH.**

Appointed Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Defence. Mr. Nigel Birch, formerly Parliamentary Under-Secretary for Air, will have the task of dealing with Defence questions in the Commons, for the Minister, Lord Alexander, sits in the Lords.



**MR. A. H. G. CRASKE.**

Appointed Metropolitan Magistrate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Mr. F. J. Eastwood, Mr. A. H. G. Craske, who was sworn in on February 26 before the Lord Chief Justice and two Queen's Bench Judges, is the first Metropolitan magistrate to be sworn in in the new reign. He was a war-time Squadron Leader in the R.A.F.

**SIR PATRICK HASTINGS.**

Died on February 26, aged seventy-one, Sir Patrick Hastings was a brilliant advocate, whose relentless cross-examination was famous. He was Labour M.P. for Wallsend, 1922-26, Attorney-General in 1924. Called to the Bar in 1904, he took silk in 1919. A successful playwright and author, his latest books were "Autobiography" and "Cases in Court."



**ARRIVING AT EUSTON: LORD ALEXANDER, WITH LADY ALEXANDER, THEIR SON, BRIAN, AND DAUGHTER, SUSAN.** Field Marshal the Viscount Alexander of Tunis returned to England on February 26 from Canada, to take up his appointment as Minister of Defence. With him were Lady Alexander, his twelve-year-old son Brian, and his three-year-old daughter Susan. The appointment of Field Marshal Lord Alexander as Minister of Defence, with a seat in the Cabinet, took effect from March 1.



**AFTER BEING DECORATED WITH THE V.C. BY THE QUEEN: PRIVATE SPEAKMAN WITH HIS MOTHER.** H.M. the Queen held the first investiture of her reign at Buckingham Palace on February 27. First to be decorated was Private William Speakman, The Black Watch, attached The King's Own Scottish Borderers, who was awarded the V.C. for gallantry in Korea. The Queen pinned the Cross beneath his ribbons, spoke to him for a few moments, and shook his hand.



**ONE OF THE HEROES OF LADYSMITH: THE LATE ADMIRAL A. WALKER-HENEAGE-VIVIAN.**

Died at his home near Swansea on February 26, aged eighty-one. During a naval career of some thirty-six years, from 1884 to 1920, he served with distinction in the South African War and World War I. He was second in command of the Naval Contingent in the defence of Ladysmith, and was mentioned in despatches. After his retirement in 1920 he took a prominent part in local public affairs. (Portrait from a painting by Miss Margaret Lindsay-Williams.)



**INSTALLED AS HIGH COMMISSIONER OF MALAYA ON FEBRUARY 20: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER SEEN INSPECTING A GUARD OF HONOUR.**

General Sir Gerald Templer was installed as High Commissioner for the Federation of Malaya in the chamber of the Legislative Council in Kuala Lumpur on February 20. The ceremony had been postponed because of the death of the King. In his installation address General Templer said he regarded the ceremony as his entry into a bond of service with the Government and people of Malaya. The installation was attended by State representatives and rulers.



**IN THE GROUNDS OF A NEW PRIMARY SCHOOL IN HAMMERSMITH: DAME SYBIL THORNDIKE PLAYING WITH CHILDREN NEAR THE BOATING-POOL.**

A new primary school for 240 infants, known as the Westville Primary School, was opened on February 28 by Dame Sybil Thorndike. The school which is built on the site of the old Westville Road School in Hammersmith, London, is a one-storey building, with six classrooms, an assembly hall, large kitchen, staff and medical rooms, etc. Part of the grounds have been laid out so that classes can be held outside in good weather. It also has a tarmac cycle track and boating-pool.





A PAUSE ON A SKI-ING EXPEDITION IN ORDER TO INDULGE IN SOME SNOWBALLING: PRINCE CARL GUSTAF, CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, AND HEIR APPARENT.



TAKING CAREFUL AIM BEFORE LAUNCHING A SNOWBALL: THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, ONLY SON OF THE LATE PRINCE GUSTAF ADOLF AND OF PRINCESS SYBILLA.



ALREADY AN EXPERT ON SKIS: THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN, A GREAT-GREAT-GRANDSON OF QUEEN VICTORIA, IN THE PARK OF HAGA CASTLE. THE CROWN PRINCE OF SWEDEN AS A WINTERSPORTSMAN: THE FIVE-YEAR-OLD GRANDSON OF KING GUSTAF VI. ADOLF, IN THE SNOW AT HAGA CASTLE, THE RESIDENCE OF HIS MOTHER, PRINCESS SYBILLA.

Sweden, like Great Britain, has a youthful Heir Apparent to the Throne. Our Prince Charles was born in November, 1948, while Prince Carl Gustaf, the Crown Prince of Sweden, a great-great-grandson of Queen Victoria through his grandmother, the elder daughter of the first Duke of Connaught and Strathearn, will

be six on April 30. He is the only son of the late Prince Gustaf Adolf, and a grandson of the King of Sweden. He is already at home on skis, which were in general use in Scandinavia long before the Christian era, though skiing as a sport only began in Norway c. 1860 and rapidly attained world popularity.



# IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

## SOME PLANTS I HAVE KILLED.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

**K**ILLED is not, perhaps, exactly the right word. Plants that have "died on me" would be nearer the mark, but—let me own

up—"killed" seemed to make a more arresting title. Like all gardeners, I have, of course, killed plants, millions of them, deliberately and for various reasons. Some I have killed for the table, and others I have assassinated, some in cold blood, some in the heat of battle-with-weeds, because they were not to be tolerated in the garden. And what a lot of killing some weeds take. I remember one particular battle I had with bell-bind—before the days of sodium chlorate. It reminded me of an account I had read of the killing of Rasputin.

But it's plants which I have killed unwillingly that I now have in mind; plants which I valued greatly and, alas! killed with kindness, or through ignorance, or both; or which died on me because they hated my soil, my climate—or just me. And plants there are which lie down and die—just like that—for no ascertainable reason.

One of my earliest plant bereavements was an aquilegia, over forty years ago. I had imported from Japan some *Aquilegia ecalcarata*, the species with spurless, chocolate-coloured flowers. My recollection is that it was a dwarfier plant than the form that is in cultivation now, with rather larger, darker flowers. I crossed *ecalcarata* with pollen from *Aquilegia canadensis*, which has gold and orange-red blossoms. One seedling only was produced, a dwarf brunette, gay, cheeky and enchanting, with orange and chocolate blossoms. It set no seeds and, like an ass, I dug the plant up and tried to split up its tap-root. As well try to divide a carrot. It died, of course. Why I

frame where the *zoysii* sat in their little pots, and noticed that they were all in flower. And one of them had snow-white flowers instead of the normal lavender-blue. Here was a treasure indeed, a gem of the first water, unique and exquisite. *Campanula zoysii* itself is a strangely beautiful little thing, and never common at the best of times. But a snow-white one! In our enthusiasm—and, I fear, ignorance—we fussed and cosseted the albino *zoysii* to

began with the words: "*Calceolaria darwinii* is not difficult to grow." I cannot help wondering if the writer's *darwinii* are still flourishing after all these months. If they are, he is a more than average clever—or lucky—cultivator. I dearly wish I knew an infallible trick to keep this perverse little devil in permanent health.

Of all Alpine plants, *Eritrichium nanum* is the very symbol for intractability in cultivation. I have done my share of killing the poor innocent. Occasionally, I have had partial and temporary success, but I have no intention of killing any more specimens. It's not fair. Frank Barker has had greater success with the plant than anyone I know, but even in his hands it's not what the insurance folk call a "good life," nor is it ever a particularly lovely one—compared with *Eritrichium* as one may see it in the Alps.

*Eritrichium strictum*, on the other hand, can apparently be either a rather difficult species or an easy-to-grow, good-natured one, according, I think, to the soil and climate in which one gardens. At Stevenage it was a little coy and reluctant. I always felt I might lose it any minute—and often I did lose it. Here in the Cotswolds, on very limey soil, it gives the impression of being delightfully easy to grow. It makes fine clumps of its narrow, silvery leaves, and produces sheaves of its slender, 6- to 9-inch stems, clothed with more narrow, silvery leaves and heads of clear, pale, turquoise forget-me-not flowers. Not only that. It seeds about here, and

produces colonies of spontaneous youngsters to carry on the tradition.

I think one of the commonest causes of the unintentional killing of plants by gardeners is man's



"A STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL LITTLE THING, AND NEVER COMMON AT THE BEST OF TIMES": THE LAVENDER-BLUE *Campanula zoysii*. MR. ELLIOTT DESCRIBES HOW HE KILLED BY KINDNESS AN ALBINO FORM, "A GEM OF THE FIRST WATER, UNIQUE AND EXQUISITE."

death. Years later I learned the whole of this story. Stansfield had known that he had this priceless rarity and had sold it, or what he thought was it, to Reginald Farrer for a fabulous sum. But what Farrer got was a normal *zoysii*. Stansfield's was the nicest sort of rather muddled nursery, long since gone, and the albino had been muddled away to me by mistake. Some day someone must go to *zoysii*'s native home—the Karawanken Mountains, I think it is—and hunt until he finds another albino specimen. I have thought of doing so myself, more than once—but never quite got to it.

Primrose "Evelyn Arkwright" is a plant which I admire enormously, but have always failed to keep for more than about a year. This puzzles me, for "Evelyn" is nothing but a gigantic form of the common primrose, *Primula acaulis*, with flowers twice, or more than twice, the normal size. Twice plants of it have been given to me by Sir John Arkwright, who is probably the only man who still grows it, and each time it has died out on me, though I have grown it in beds that pleased polyanthus primroses, and even in what seemed to me the ideal spiritual home for "Evelyn"—half shade and leaf-mouldy ground under hazel nuts. To me this failure has been one of the Great Mysteries of Horticulture. But I am hoping to have one more try. Sir John has promised to send me another specimen.

*Calceolaria darwinii* is another plant which I have failed, time after time, to keep permanently happy—or even alive. This is particularly galling, for it is a plant in which I am especially interested, having collected it in Patagonia and introduced—or reintroduced—to cultivation. I have tried it in all sorts of soil confections, and in all sorts of aspects, both in the open air and in the Alpine house, and always the same thing happens. The plants just melt away. They don't die in a decent, normal, hearty way. Nor do they languish. They melt, deliquesce and are gone. My friend Frank Barker manages to keep it. But then, Frank would grow any hardy plant that he set his mind to grow. It's not fair when a man is at once a plant-lover—and a magician. Others there are who grow this astonishing little calceolaria, with its big blossoms in gold and rusty-red and waxy-white, but too often it is a struggle, ending in eventual disappointment. Still, I sent the first seeds home in 1927, and the plant is still about.

In a fairly recent issue of the "Bulletin" of the Alpine Garden Society, I came upon an article which



"THIS ASTONISHING LITTLE CALCEOLARIA, WITH ITS BIG BLOSSOMS IN GOLD AND RUSTY-RED AND WAXY-WHITE": *Calceolaria darwinii*, WHICH MR. ELLIOTT REINTRODUCED INTO CULTIVATION, BUT "WHICH I HAVE FAILED, TIME AFTER TIME, TO KEEP PERMANENTLY HAPPY—OR EVEN ALIVE."

combined optimism and love for experiment. Thousands of good plants must die every year, "guinea-pig" martyrs to horticultural experiments. Folk plant tender and half-hardy bulbs and plants in cold districts, hoping against hope, against advice, and against better judgment, that somehow they will miraculously prove hardy in this particular case. I think, however, that on the whole such sacrifices are justified, for occasionally one gets a surprise which proves tradition and expert teaching to be wrong, and that is not only satisfactory: it's a valuable discovery—progress.



"PRIMROSE 'EVELYN ARKWRIGHT' IS A PLANT WHICH I ADMIRE ENORMOUSLY, BUT HAVE ALWAYS FAILED TO KEEP FOR MORE THAN ABOUT A YEAR." "EVELYN" IS NOTHING BUT A GIGANTIC FORM OF THE COMMON PRIMROSE, *Primula acaulis*, WITH FLOWERS TWICE, OR MORE THAN TWICE, THE NORMAL SIZE."

Photographs by D. F. Merrett.

did not repeat the cross and raise more of my little treasure in that way, I can not imagine and can not remember. But I now pass on the idea as a free brain-wave, for any to try who will.

A year or two later I had a really grievous loss at my Stevenage Six Hills nursery. I had ordered, and received, from Mr. Stansfield's interesting Lancashire nursery, a dozen plants of *Campanula zoysii*. Some weeks later my then manager and I were passing the



# THE INTERNATIONAL SCENE, AND TOPICAL EVENTS AT HOME: A PICTORIAL SURVEY OF THE NEWS FROM FAR AND NEAR.



HOISTING THE FLAG OF GREECE TO TAKE ITS PLACE BESIDE THOSE OF THE OTHER N.A.T.O. NATIONS.

The flags of Greece and Turkey, the two new members of the North Atlantic Treaty Organisation, were hoisted beside those of the other twelve member States at S.H.A.P.E., near Paris, on March 1. The flags were held by representatives of the British, French and U.S. forces, and were hoisted by Colonel Pipilis, of Greece, and Captain H. Kayili, of Turkey.



A NEW HOME FOR OLD PEOPLE AT STOKE NEWINGTON: NEW RIVER LODGE, WHICH NOW HAS ITS FULL COMPLEMENT OF NINETY-TWO, AND WAS CEREMONIALLY OPENED ON FEBRUARY 28 BY MR. I. J. HAYWARD, LEADER OF THE L.C.C. (SEE ALSO BELOW; LEFT).



HOISTING THE FLAG OF TURKEY ALONGSIDE THOSE OF THE OTHER MEMBER STATES OF N.A.T.O.: CAPTAIN KAYILI OF TURKEY PERFORMING THE CEREMONY AT S.H.A.P.E., NEAR PARIS.



HELGOLAND RESTORED TO THE GERMAN PEOPLE BY BRITAIN: FLAGS FLYING DURING THE DAY OF CELEBRATION ON THE ISLAND ON MARCH 1.

Heligoland, which has been used by the R.A.F. as a bombing target since the war, was handed back to the German people on March 1. During the day of celebration on the island, when the traditional green-red-white flag of Heligoland was hoisted, together with the flags of the Federal Republic and of Schleswig-Holstein, Herr Luebke, the Premier of Schleswig-Holstein, said that the island was a symbol of new hope, understanding and peace for Germany and for Europe.



THE FIRST CANADIAN-BORN GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA ASSUMES OFFICE: THE SCENE AT OTTAWA WHEN MR. VINCENT MASSEY, SEATED CENTRE BACKGROUND, WAS INSTALLED. On February 28 Mr. Vincent Massey, the first Canadian-born Governor-General of Canada, assumed office at Ottawa in succession to Field Marshal Viscount Alexander. The ceremony took place in the Senate Chamber. After his commission from King George VI. had been read in English and French, he was sworn in by Mr. Justice Kerwin, who read the oath in both languages. At the end of the ceremony, both Mr. Massey and the Premier, Mr. St. Laurent, spoke with feeling of the death of the King and the succession of Queen Elizabeth II. In the afternoon Mr. Massey opened the new session of the Federal Parliament.



CHATTING TO SOME OF THE RESIDENTS AFTER OPENING NEW RIVER LODGE: MR. I. J. HAYWARD, LEADER OF THE L.C.C. (SEEN ON LEFT), AT A NEW HOME FOR OLD PEOPLE.

On February 28, Mr. I. J. Hayward opened a new home for old people at 12, Newton Close, Woodberry Down, Stoke Newington. Named New River Lodge, the home has eighteen single bedrooms, thirty-four two-bed rooms and two three-bed rooms. The floors are of non-slip cork tiles, and handrails are provided along the corridors and the shallow-riser staircases. There is accommodation for a matron and deputy matron and for three other resident staff.



RECEIVING THE DEWAR TROPHY FOR THE MOST OUTSTANDING ENGINEERING AND TECHNICAL ACHIEVEMENT (DURING 1951): MR. W. LYONS, CHAIRMAN OF JAGUAR CARS, LTD. (LEFT).

On February 29 Mr. Wilfred Andrews, Chairman of the R.A.C., presented the Dewar Trophy for the most outstanding engineering and technical achievement in the British automobile industry during 1951 to Mr. William Lyons, chairman and managing director of Jaguar Cars, Ltd.





PROBABLY THE FINEST SEA BATTLE-PIECE EVER PAINTED IN THE 17<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY—NOW ACQUIRED FOR THE NATION THROUGH THE GENEROUS HELP OF THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND:  
 "THE BATTLE OF THE TEXEL, AUGUST 11, 1673", BY WILLIAM VAN DE VELDE, THE YOUNGER (1633-1707).

This magnificent painting of the battle of the Texel, August 11, 1673, the last great sea-fight against the Dutch in the three wars England fought with them in the seventeenth century, has been acquired by the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich, through the generous help of the National Art-Collections Fund, which contributed £2500 towards the purchase price. It is the most important sea-piece ever acquired by the Museum, and is considered the finest battle-piece ever painted by Van de Velde, or indeed by any other maritime artist of the period. The battle of the Texel was brought about when the combined Anglo-French fleet, under the command of Prince Rupert, made a final attempt to sweep the Dutch fleet from the coast of Holland so that a landing could be made to assist the French invasion from the south. De Ruyter's masterly strategy, which forced an engagement close to the Dutch shoals, frustrated this design for the third time in a year. The fight began when "about 8 o'clock the Dutch were within fair gun-shot of us," we saluted them with our trumpets and three hollas; presently the Dutch rear-admiral shot over us and about us; then we fired at him." And after that "the guns went off very fast." There was stubborn fighting on both sides for the whole of the day, and when night fell and the fleets parted, the Dutch were able to return to their harbours in fair order and the Anglo-French fleet was left in no state to threaten a landing.

The main theme of the painting is the early part of the duel between Cornelis Tromp, who had his flag in the *Gouden Leeuw* (Golden Lion) and Sir Edward Spragge, who had his Blue flag at the main topmasthead of the *Royal Prince* (shown to the right). Spragge and Tromp (two fiery spirits who "knocked it out together" for several hours) both had to shift their flags when their ships became unmanageable through the masts and spars being shot away. Spragge went first to the *St. George*, and when she lost her fore topmast, decided to go on board the *Royal Charles*, but his boat was sunk on the way and he was drowned. The defence of the *Royal Prince*, which then had only her fore lowermast standing, was continued with great gallantry by her young lieutenant, George Rooke (1650-1709), afterwards the great Admiral, famous for his defence of Gibraltar in 1704. Towards the end of the day Prince Rupert and De Ruyter, whose masted flags can be picked out in the far distance, returned to succour their rear squadrons, and neither side was able to inflict any decisive damage on the other. The painting, which measures 5 ft. by 10 ft., now hangs in the Great Hall of the Queen's House, Greenwich, where it makes a fitting pair to the large picture of the Royal visit to the Fleet after the battle of Solebay. As they hang opposite to each other, it is interesting to compare the latter, a good but typical studio work, with the battle of the Texel, in which the free brushwork and the

assurance of drawing could only be the work of young William Van de Velde's own hand. The two William Van de Velde's, father and son, were present in a galliot or other small vessel at many of the battles of the Anglo-Dutch wars, first on the Dutch side and in 1673 on the English side. It is not certain that they saw the battle of the Texel, but they made careful drawings of the ships which took part; and when the younger Van de Velde, years later, was commissioned to paint this picture, he probably had no less a person than Cornelis Tromp, the Dutch Admiral, to help him with the positioning of the ships. The National Art-Collections Fund, through whose help this important work has been secured, was founded in 1903 by a few lovers of art, under the chairmanship of the late Lord Crawford, then Lord Balcarras, M.P., and with Sir Robert Witt and Sir Isidore Spielmann jointly as hon. secretaries. In under fifty years of existence it has been responsible for saving many works of art of different kinds for the nation, and has helped to enrich museums and galleries in London and the provinces. It has indeed become an organisation of major importance to our national life. Among the objects which it has purchased or assisted to purchase may be mentioned the Luttrell Plaster (British Museum, 1929), the "Rokeby" Venus (National Gallery, 1906), Holbein's "Duchess of Milan" (National Gallery, 1909), the Wilton Diptych (National Gallery, 1929)

and Holbein's miniature, "Mrs. Pemberton" (Victoria and Albert Museum, 1935). In 1950 it helped to obtain the Jason Tapestries for the Victoria and Albert Museum; two English Gold Coins for the British Museum and a "Landscape with Figures," by Gainsborough, for the Manchester City Art Galleries; while last year it assisted to secure important works by Masolino and Masaccio for the National Gallery, the "Snettisham" Treasure, dating from the first century B.C., for the British Museum, and an Album of Old Master Drawings containing works by Claude, Dürer and Fra Bartolommeo, to which Frank Davis refers in detail on another page. This year it has already contributed towards the purchase of the Holkham Books and MSS. for the British Museum. Sir Robert Witt is the President of the National Art-Collections Fund, which was incorporated by Royal Charter in 1928 and has the honour of the patronage of Queen Mary. It has a membership of over 7000, and the active committee which works under the chairmanship of the Earl of Crawford and Balcarres, son of the first chairman, consists of Professor A. Blunt, Lord Iver Spencer-Churchill, Sir Kenneth Clark, Mr. A. S. F. Gow, Mr. Walter T. Monnington, the Duke of Wellington and Sir Robert Witt, while Sir Alec Martin is the energetic honorary secretary, who will be glad to gain the support of new members. The offices of the N.A.C.F. are at Hertford House, Manchester Square, W.1.



THE project of a European Army is an old one by now, but the sketch is still that and no more. The delay provides evidence of Western European indecision, of the weakness of French Governments—some would add, the lingering power of the spirit of "neutrality"—and of widespread distaste for rearmament in Germany, exploited by various parties but most of all by the Social Democrats. Yet there remains a surprising amount of life in an idea which, from the strictly military point of view, is full of faults. No military man views it with enthusiasm. No politician accustomed to military matters can fail to see its disadvantages. It possesses, however, one attraction so great as to cancel all entries on the debit side and leave a heavy favourable balance. It appears to afford an excellent chance, and the sole chance, of reconciling French and German ideas, of bringing France and Western Germany into partnership and harmony, and of permitting the latter to take a share in the defence of the West. On these grounds the European Army and its later concomitant, the European Defence Community, is worthy of support.

In mid-February the whole scheme seemed to be doomed. Dr. Adenauer had passed through some difficult moments, but was not in as bad a position as M. Faure, the French President of the Council, who had been forced to make a series of concessions to the Socialists that really left little of the plan. And, before I come to the brighter picture of to-day, I ought to note that the pledges wrung from M. Faure have presumably still to be honoured and that even after these somewhat humiliating peace-offerings had been accepted by the critics all that they gave in exchange was a grudging pledge to consider the scheme. How tragic a situation it is for a nation with so magnificent a history that France should, more than six years after the end of the war, remain subject to this palsy of the will and that the words of her spokesmen may be disavowed almost as soon as they are uttered! How sad that there should have been heard one speech which carried within it the veiled threat of "packing up"! It can only be hoped that the developments in London and Lisbon, where men not afraid to follow their judgment entered into the business, will provide the essential encouragement.

The part played by Mr. Acheson and Mr. Eden was marked by high statesmanship. It has provided a tonic for the scheme. Yet much must still depend upon the founders of the European Defence Community. The next move must be with their Parliaments. Mr. Acheson and Mr. Eden represent States which will stand outside the European Defence Community. The final word must be spoken by the partners. What has been achieved is approval for principles designed to govern the relationship between N.A.T.O. and the Community and, more important still, to formulate and approve reciprocal guarantees between the two organisations. It also appears that agreement has been reached on putting into force measures preliminary to Western German rearmament on the signature of the treaty and without waiting for its ratification. In Lisbon the Council of the North Atlantic Treaty has decided that Article 5 of the N.A.T.O. Treaty would be extended to cover all members of the European Defence Community, which would mean that an attack on Western Germany, not a member of N.A.T.O., would be equivalent to an attack on any of the States which are members. The reproaches which have been launched against Britain for her apparent lack of co-operation—reproaches at one moment easy enough to understand—have surely now been answered by the firm and spirited action taken by the British Government, represented by Mr. Eden. Britain has not "turned her back" on Europe.

The machinery of the Community, as agreed upon in Paris, has not undergone much change. There is to be a General Assembly for matters of policy, a Council of Ministers for the major decisions, a board of Commissioners for permanent control and liaison, and a Court of Justice. The formation of land forces also resembles the scheme excellently worked out by the experts last summer. The word "division" disappears from the military vocabulary, perhaps

## A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR THE EUROPEAN ARMY.

By CYRIL FALLS,

*Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.*

partly because it had been the subject of controversy. Infantry, armoured forces and mechanised forces will be formed into national "groups," 12,500 to 13,000 strong, that is, rather small divisions, to be increased by about 20 per cent. when raised to war establishment. This will be the highest level at which national forces will stand. Above it comes the army corps, made up of three to four groups of different nationality. Similarly, the largest national unit in the air will be the wing, comprising about seventy-five aircraft, the next above being the air division, which will comprise several wings. It does not appear that any serious attempt will be made to integrate naval forces. The military budget will be, to begin with, a matter of agreement, and if an automatic allocation is introduced later on, this will depend upon the consent of the nations to such a plan.

All this is, let me repeat, still in the melting-pot. I cannot even predict whether the Government of M. Faure will still be in office when these words are read, while Dr. Adenauer has by no means placated the powerful opposition by which he is faced. At the best, it does not look as though the treaty would be signed without further delay. The statesmen of Europe have indeed merited the reproach launched by Napoleon against generals in the field who saw

national supply would be greatly inconvenienced. It must be borne in mind that there cannot be complete uniformity and standardisation of arms and equipment in the European Army to begin with.

Though much has been said about army corps, nothing has as yet been said about armies. It is to be presumed, however, that there will be several inside the European Army. Their creation will, so far as I can see, involve a reorganisation of the whole system of command set up by General Eisenhower, who will remain Supreme Commander of the forces outside N.A.T.O. in addition to assuming command of those within the European Army. Political necessities have certainly created some thorny problems for S.H.A.P.E. At the moment, the main land forces on the Continent, including American and French, are under the command of a Frenchman, General Juin. Others are under Italian command. The European Army cannot, I consider, become an entity from the point of view of operations, but must be split up among sub-commands, though this arrangement would be on the face of it contrary to its principle. These difficulties are not insuperable and are doubtless being provided for, but even so they will leave behind them a complex situation.

An even more important consideration is, presuming that all goes well from now on and that the politicians do not once again wreck the scheme, how long it will take to become effective. A great deal of time has been lost, and the extent of this commodity is not unlimited. Mr. Taft, a very prominent Republican candidate for the Presidency of the United States, announced recently that he was prepared to give support to the projects of General Eisenhower, but

added that he placed reliance on the latter's opinion that the strength of European defence would be developed to a point at which it would not be as dependent as now upon American aid and that then the strength of American forces on the Continent would be reduced. The Governments concerned should take note of those words. The United States can clearly not maintain forces on the present scale in Europe indefinitely. The nation would never submit to such an arrangement. But authoritative statements have been made that withdrawals might begin in 1953, and the American public will not forget them.

I was one of those who argued that France could never be assured, could never regain her confidence, could never be expected to make a whole-hearted effort in her own defence, without the collaboration not only of American naval and air forces, but also that of "ground troops." I believe that the American military authorities held the same view long before they were

able to act upon it. They have now acted upon it. The United States has made an effort of an extraordinary kind, contrary to her traditions, and which would have been incredible only a few years ago. Yet it cannot be maintained for long on its present scale, and there is a great risk of its ceasing altogether if the U.S. Government should come to the conclusion that the structure which it is underpinning was too unsound to repay the cost and the exile of the workmen engaged on it. The European States must make their choice. If they desire the continuance of American aid, they must convince the United States that it will not be wasted.

Could one detach oneself from the problems and dangers of one's generation and look down upon events of the last few years from the windows of another world, the hesitations and indecision of Western Europe would seem even stranger than they do to those who dwell amidst them. The observer so placed would see at a glance that, whatever the complexities, the essential features of the security of Western Europe were simple. It is unlikely that he would find himself in doubt about the relative weight of the risks involved in various courses of action. He would see that the first necessity was for all States who valued freedom to join together to assure it and that it would be time enough to examine other dangers if the crisis of the present threat to freedom were surmounted without a war. That threat has not yet been surmounted. It could have been and perhaps can still be. Until it has been, other considerations should take a secondary place.

ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO: AN ILLUSTRATION AND QUOTATION FROM "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" OF JUNE 19, 1852.  
THE CENTENARY OF A DISASTER AT SEA.



THE LOSS OF HER MAJESTY'S STEAMSHIP "BIRKENHEAD" ON DANGER POINT, CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

"This lamentable catastrophe, which occurred on February 26, has already been illustrated in our Journal; but the present Engraving possesses additional interest and accuracy from its being drawn from the instructions and under the eye of one of the survivors of the wreck who reached the shore by swimming. It shows the situation of the vessel on Danger Point immediately before she went down, at two o'clock in the morning. By the falling of the funnel upon the deck at that moment, many of the soldiers on board were killed; blue lights were also burnt as signals of distress, by means of which were discerned the objects here represented; and the Engraver has succeeded in correctly imparting the peculiar effect of the Artist's drawing. It is, indeed a melancholy picture of destruction." (The troopship *Birkenhead*, bound for East London, was wrecked on Danger Point, Cape of Good Hope, on February 26, 1852, and became famous for the heroic discipline of the troops, who stood firm while the women and children were taken off in boats. Of 631 people on board only 163 survived.)

too many things at once. At least, however, entirely by the action of two outside Powers, the leaders of the States in the projected European Community have been reinforced, encouraged, given new promises of support, and given a chance to go forward again after they had come to a dead stop and were pulling in different directions. I must mention one grave question of which little has been heard recently, but which must be answered: the future of the Saar. There, it seems to me, the French policy runs some risk of nourishing that very spirit in Germany about which France professes to feel so much anxiety.

As regards the organisation of the European Army, I do not want to criticise too sharply the scheme as already announced. I regard it as of the first importance that a European Army should be brought into being; later on, I feel certain, common sense will modify some of the extravagances attached to it. Perhaps it is not intended to follow the plan to the letter. Is it really proposed to send German groups to Italy? It may be said that in most cases such an absurdity would not be in question. Belgian groups, for instance, whether quartered at home, over the German frontier, or over the French, in the international army corps to which they belong, will be relatively close to home and to the Belgian supply system. Yet, so far as I can calculate the probable number of the groups, it will be impossible to form them all into army corps each containing groups of three or four different nationalities without so splitting up the groups as to place them in positions where





LONDON BUSES TO TOUR THE UNITED STATES: LONDON TRANSPORT STAFF WHO ARE TO TAKE THREE LONDON BUSES (TWO OF WHICH ARE SHOWN ON HORSE GUARDS PARADE) ON A TWENTY-SEVEN-STATE, 8000-MILE GOODWILL TOUR OF THE UNITED STATES. THE BUSES WERE TO SAIL FROM LIVERPOOL ON MARCH 8.



ADMIRAL R. B. CARNEY, U.S.N., ASSUMING A "MAE WEST" BEFORE INSPECTING OPERATION "GRAND SLAM" FROM THE AIR. Admiral Carney, here seen talking to his Chief of Staff, Rear-Admiral T. M. Stokes, inspected from the air over 200 British, American, French and Italian ships taking part in a nine-day training exercise which began on February 26. The exercise ranged over half the Mediterranean.



THE ALTERED GOVERNOR'S GALLERY IN THE RESTORED KING'S CHAPEL, GIBRALTAR.

In April last year, the 400-year-old King's Chapel, Gibraltar, was considerably damaged by the explosion of the ammunition ship *Bedenham* in the harbour. Since then extensive repairs, alterations and additions have been made, in which the Governor, General Sir Kenneth Anderson, has taken a keen interest. On February 10 the Chapel was rededicated in a moving service which included the unveiling of two new windows. The East Window (designed by Mr. T. Shapland and executed by



REGIMENTAL AND KING'S COLOURS OF THE BRIGADE OF GUARDS HANGING IN THE NORTH TRANSEPT, KING'S CHAPEL, GIBRALTAR.



THE NEW NORTH CHANCEL WINDOW, KING'S CHAPEL, GIBRALTAR, WITH THE ARMS OF MANY GOVERNORS OF GIBRALTAR.

Messrs. Barton, Kinder and Anderson) shows "Christ in Majesty"; the North Window (designed by Mr. R. G. Covell, the honorary architect in charge of the restorations and executed by Mr. Charles E. Moore) shows arms of Governors who have been closely identified with the Chapel. Since 1948, the Chapel has been a shrine of all land and air forces which have taken part in the capture and defence of Gibraltar; and a number of Colours are laid up there. (Crown Copyright reserved.)



WINNERS OF THE DAILY MAIL SILVER MICROPHONES: (LEFT) WILFRED PICKLES, THE LEADING PERSONALITY; AND (RIGHT) THE STARS OF THE WINNING SHOW, "TAKE IT FROM HERE" (L. TO R.) DICK BENTLEY, SALLY ROGERS AND JIMMY EDWARDS.

On March 2, the *Daily Mail's* National Radio and Television Awards were made. The Television awards were: outstanding T.V. personality, Richard Dimbleby; outstanding programme, "What's My Line?"; and the outstanding children's T.V. personality, Humphrey Lestocq. The radio awards were as shown in the photograph above. Sally Rogers has been deputising for Joy Nichols in "Take it from Here."



ADMIRAL LYNDE D. MCCORMICK, U.S.N. (RIGHT), SUPREME ALLIED COMMANDER, ATLANTIC, BEING GREETED AT LONDON AIRPORT BY THE FIRST SEA LORD, ADMIRAL SIR R. MCGRIGOR, WHEN HE ARRIVED FOR STAFF CONSULTATIONS.

On February 29, Admiral Lynde D. McCormick, the American Supreme Allied Commander, Atlantic, flew to London from Paris for staff consultations. He was to have discussions with the American Ambassador and the Admiralty, and was also meeting the new Minister of Defence, Viscount Alexander. It is announced that his headquarters for his command will be at Norfolk, Virginia.



# ANCIENT AND MODERN BEAUTY, AND UNUSUAL INVENTIONS AND EVENTS.



SEEN FROM THE SEVERN: WORCESTER CATHEDRAL, SHOWING THE NAVE AND THE WEST END, AND THE LOFTY TOWER WHOSE CONDITION IS CAUSING GRAVE CONCERN.

The condition of the fabric of the tower of Worcester Cathedral is causing grave concern. It was known in 1939 that the stonework was crumbling, but plans for its complete restoration were delayed by the war. The condition has now grown more dangerous and an appeal for £20,000, the estimated cost of repairs, was launched. The tower, whose main structure dates from 1374, rises nearly 200 ft. into the air. Restorations were carried out in 1792, 1858 and 1874, and will shortly start again.



INTERNATIONAL EXCHANGE OF CULTURE IN KOREA: A SCOTTISH PIPER TEACHING AN AMERICAN SOLDIER HOW TO PLAY THE NATIONAL MUSIC OF CALEDONIA.

The pipes are musical instruments which poor, weak Sassenachs have at times found difficulty in appreciating, but the valiant United States soldiers in Korea are highly enthusiastic about Highland music. It is reported that their pipe band intends to wear Royal Stuart tartan.



THE BEER- AND CIGARETTE-PROOF PIANO FOR N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS: FITTING THE NEW-STYLE PLASTIC-COVERED KEYS, ON WHICH A BURNING CIGARETTE-END WOULD LEAVE ONLY A SMALL STAIN AND CAUSE NO SERIOUS DAMAGE.

The N.A.A.F.I. piano—essential to the well-being of troops—has to put up with hard usage, but an old-established firm of London piano manufacturers have now produced a model which, it is claimed, will prove beer- and cigarette-proof. The case, of solid oak, has a steeply-pitched top, with no place



COMPLETED TO THE ORDER OF THE MINISTRY OF WORKS FOR THE NEW H.Q. OF THE MINISTRY OF AGRICULTURE AND FISHERIES: GROUPS, BY JAMES WOODFORD, R.A. Mr. James Woodford's groups of statuary, "Agriculture" (left) and "The Sea and Fisheries," for the new H.Q. of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries in Whitehall Place, stand on 18-ft. piers on either side of the main entrance. The Royal coat of arms between them is framed by formalised ears of corn, dolphins and other sea symbols.



A MASTERPIECE OF LONDON GOLDSMITHS' WORK TO BE EXHIBITED IN CAPE TOWN AS PART OF THE VAN RIEBEECK FESTIVAL: A TEA SERVICE IN 18-CARAT GOLD.

Solid gold plate has been specially made by a London goldsmith for exhibition in Cape Town as part of the Van Riebeeck Festival commemorating the landing in 1652 of the first Dutch settlers in South Africa. A special pavilion will contain illustrations of processes of mining, crushing and refining gold. The design of the tea-service illustrated has been pronounced a masterpiece by a panel of judges of the Design and Research Centre. Jewellery and church plate is also to be shown.



WITH A STEEPLY-PITCHED TOP TO THE CASE, GIVING NO PLACE FOR BEER-GLASSES TO STAND, AND OF A DESIGN WHICH RENDERES OVERTURNING DIFFICULT: THE BEER-PROOF PIANO DESIGNED FOR N.A.A.F.I. USE.

for beer-glasses to stand; if a cigarette be left burning on the plastic keys, only a small stain will result; and "toes" render it hard—if not impossible—to overturn the instrument. A metal panel above the pedals protects the wood, and under the lid a "beer-board" prevents liquor dripping in.



NEWS FROM THE UNITED STATES, DENMARK, FRANCE AND ENGLAND: A CAMERA RECORD.



TO ENABLE THE "VOICE OF AMERICA" TO PIERCE THE IRON CURTAIN: THE U.S. COAST GUARD CUTTER *COURIER* EQUIPPED AS THE FIRST FLOATING RADIO TRANSMITTER. The "Voice of America" has started operating a floating radio transmitter so that its broadcasts can be heard in areas of Russia and her satellites that cannot be reached by any of the present stations. The first of five ocean-going ships to be equipped for this task, the coast guard cutter *Courier* started operating on February 15. When the whole programme is completed it is hoped to be able to reach every part of the Soviet Union.



A PROJECT THAT HAS COME INTO BEING AS THE RESULT OF A SERIES OF DRAWINGS IN *THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*: "SENIOR WORK" IN THE ATLAS FACTORIES IN DENMARK; THE REPAIR SHOP, WHERE OLDER MEMBERS OF THE FIRM ARE EMPLOYED. This photograph of the "Senior Work" repair shop was sent to us by one of our regular readers in Denmark, who, in an accompanying letter, told us that as a direct result of a series of drawings published in *The Illustrated London News* of December 24, 1949, illustrating the activities of the firm's ageing workpeople at Messrs. Rubery, Owen and Co.'s "Sons of Rest" Workshop, at Darlaston, Staffordshire, he visited Darlaston. After studying the workshop on the spot he returned to Denmark, where he adopted the scheme in his own Atlas factories.



A FASHION SHOW IN A FRENCH COURT: TWO MANNEQUINS WEARING COSTUMES THAT FEATURED IN A RECENT LEGAL DISPUTE AT LYONS, FRANCE. A Lyons (France) fashion designer was recently sued by one of the leading Parisian designers who alleged that she had copied his exclusive designs. To help judge the issue, the court ordered both designers to produce mannequins modelling the fashions in dispute.



BRINGING IN THE STERN OF THE U.S. TANKER *FORT MERCER*: TUGS TOWING THE HALF-SHIP UP EAST RIVER TOWARDS BROOKLYN BRIDGE, NEW YORK. The stern section of the U.S. tanker *Fort Mercer* (10,000 tons), which broke in two off Cape Cod, Massachusetts, in a storm on February 18, was towed up East River, New York, on February 25 for rebuilding at a Brooklyn pier. A new bow is to be built to make her a whole ship again. The old bow section, found 40 miles away from the stern section, was sunk by gunfire as a menace to navigation. The owners value the stern section at £714,000.



NOW RESTORED TO ITS TRADITIONAL PLACE BENEATH THE CORONATION CHAIR IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY: THE STONE OF SCONE.

The Stone of Scone was replaced in the Coronation Chair in the Henry VII. Chapel in Westminster Abbey on February 26. The Stone was stolen by three Scottish students on Christmas morning, 1950. Since April 13 last year, when it was recovered from Scotland, it has been hidden in the Abbey. An inch-thick chain, threaded through the iron loops on the Stone, is now padlocked to the chair.



# THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

## THE BRITISH ADVANCE?

By ALAN DENT.

DO we British make progress in this matter of film-making, or stand still, marking time, or achieve actual advances? Some of my colleagues would appear to think that, if not actually retreating, we may be described as advancing in various ways, rather like Stephen Leacock's Lord Ronald, who "flung himself upon his horse and rode madly off in all directions."

Let us take a survey of the British front before we too rashly decide. What is there? There is the latest Carol Reed film made out of Joseph Conrad's brilliant novel, "An Outcast of the Islands."

There is—a great help to the survey—a revival of this same Carol Reed's eight-year-old film "The Way Ahead." There is the film which Sir Ralph Richardson has made out of his own stage-success, "Home at Seven," by R. C. Sherriff. And there is Thorold Dickinson's new creation, "Secret People," an elaborate and ingenious attempt at a metaphysical melodrama which somehow has shed most of its metaphysics before it has properly started, and then goes on to discover that a still remaining smear of metaphysics is clogging its machinery.

Mr. Dickinson has taken himself far more seriously than most of his critics have done. His metaphysical idea is not very profound, and to be fair he does not claim it for such. Here it is in his own words: "Some people you can never fathom, some you believe you can read like a book, but surely in the personality of every living person there is a point where secrecy begins, a point beyond which no one can probe, not even an intimate friend. 'Fancy him doing a thing like that!' 'I simply don't believe it.' These are clichés you can hear any day, yet every time they are spoken, the baffled speakers use them freshly. It is part of the fun of life, the intriguing game we play of sounding people out and trying to foretell their every reaction. We always think we know, we are wise in our eyes, but sometimes we shock even ourselves with a revelation of what we really are."

One gives Mr. Dickinson's notion in his own words in order to be strictly fair to him, and in order to support the contention that the idea is in itself a cliché. A good half of fiction—and most certainly a good half of Mr. Somerset Maugham's short stories, to go no further back—are founded on the fact that ordinary people may suddenly do extraordinary things, and that the simplest human nature can on occasion be quite incalculable. Mr. Dickinson declares his story to be "the insoluble dilemma of two secret people." The situation could happen in many different circumstances. "We have chosen one," he says, "which to us seems simple and contemporary."

It is contemporary—if the setting, London before the last war, is to be regarded as contemporary. But is it simple? Two girls, Maria and Nora, arrive in England from Southern Europe to be looked after by a friend of their father, a Paddington café-proprietor (Charles Goldner). The elder girl, Maria (Valentina Cortese), broods over the fact that her father has been politically murdered. The other one, Nora (Audrey Hepburn), does not brood at all, since she is intent upon becoming a ballet dancer, and trains—as it seems to us—principally upon spaghetti. There suddenly appears Maria's lover, Louis (Serge Reggiani), who is planning to kill the Minister who killed her father. The assassination is to take place at a London garden-party. Since Louis is a suspected person, will Maria, who is not, attend the party and place a neat little bomb, the size and shape of a cigarette-case, under the Minister's person? Maria does so with intense reluctance, and is so overcome with horror when the bomb goes off and kills an innocent waitress that she is spilling the beans all over Scotland Yard before she has properly recovered her senses. To secure her further safety, she is persuaded to "vanish," both her identity and her features being altered.

The film in its latter part has a change of scene to Dublin, where Maria goes to see Nora dancing (without

the latter's knowledge) and is horrified to discover several of Louis's associates in the audience, obviously with intent to use the new ballerina for political purposes. Maria interferes, is recognised, and is killed. But we came away much less satisfied with this solution of the "insoluble dilemma" than dissatisfied with the story's general murkiness and muzziness, its lack of inevitability in action and of distinction in script, and its general and prodigal



A FILM WHICH "WILL SEND MANY NEW READERS TO CONRAD, AND MAKE SOME CONRAD-LOVERS RETURN TO HIM": "AN OUTCAST OF THE ISLANDS" (LONDON FILMS), A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING AISSA (KERIMA) WITH CAPTAIN LINGARD (SIR RALPH RICHARDSON).



"NO ACTOR IN OUR MIDST KNOWS SO WELL HOW TO TURN AN ESSENTIALLY HUMDRUM CHARACTER INTO A RADIANTLY INTERESTING MONUMENT TO NATURALNESS": SIR RALPH RICHARDSON AS DAVID PRESTON (RIGHT, CENTRE) IN A SCENE FROM THE FILM VERSION OF MR. SHERRIFF'S PLAY "HOME AT SEVEN." THE PART OF HIS WIFE, MRS. PRESTON, IS PLAYED BY MARGARET LEIGHTON; INSPECTOR HEMINGWAY BY CAMPBELL SINGER (LEFT, CENTRE) AND MR. PETHERBRIDGE BY FREDERICK PIPER (RIGHT).

Leading parts in two of the films discussed by Mr. Dent this week are played by Sir Ralph Richardson. One is the film made out of his stage success, "Home at Seven," in which he has "faithfully transcribed his performance and the whole play around it to the screen." In the "beautiful and exciting" Carol Reed film "Outcast of the Islands," Sir Ralph appears as Captain Lingard, "bearded rightly, in my view, as a nautical Allan Quatermain, and quite as full of integrity and dignified simplicity . . . the casting of the book's marvellously drawn characters could hardly be improved."

misuse of talent. Why, for example, waste an actress of Athene Seyler's abounding talent on a tiny character-part which is hardly written at all—a couple of shrugs and a gesture? And why give a clever young actress like Irene Worth a part which consists solely in persuading the heroine to have her face "lifted" and her nose remoulded nearer to the English desirability?

Mr. Sherriff's little play, "Home at Seven," was an exceedingly neat—almost over-neat—explanation of how a perfect suburbanite (Sir Ralph) came to lose twenty-four hours out of his life to his own dismay and that of his perfect and watchful wife (Margaret Leighton, in the film version). During his aphasia this bank-clerk came under suspicion not only of having

robbed the country club of which he was treasurer, but of having murdered the club steward as well. I said, at the time: "In the three acts Sir Ralph is respectively bemused, worried to death, and blessedly relieved. No actor in our midst knows so well how to turn an essentially humdrum character into a radiantly interesting monument to naturalness. In such a part he is as doggy as a man can be, and as human as a dog." And I repeat this with the same conviction after seeing how faithfully Sir Ralph has transcribed his performance and the whole play

around it to the screen. Almost to a man and a woman, my film colleagues yell out that a filmed play cannot be a "film." But I say—a voice alone in the wilderness—that it can nevertheless be a mightily entertaining thing. And I say further, that I would infinitely rather see this polished and absolutely assured film performance of "Home at Seven" in worthy burghs which we may call Hacking, Whooping, Measle, Shingle and Mump, than I would see the repertory companies of those same towns doing plucky but inadequate justice to the play itself. And I have no doubt in the world that exactly the same view will in due course be held by the inhabitants of Mump, Shingle, Measle, Whooping and Hacking.

The new Carol Reed, "Outcast of the Islands," has been received with so many qualifications and such prevailing lack of rapture that I very nearly refrained from taking the trouble to go and see it for myself. What a beautiful and exciting film I should have missed! It has in it the peril, and the mystery, and the witchery (not to mention the din and the disease) of the East. It is not an almost impossible thing inadequately done (like the first film I have dealt with). It is not a tolerably easy thing superbly done (like the second). It is a subtle thing done with an assurance that is almost everywhere masterly by a director who has the world at his feet and keeps kicking it severely but never too far.

Some have protested that Mr. Reed, who both produces and directs, has sanctioned too many alterations in Conrad's novel, most especially in its ending. For me the essence of the book is there, its tingling glamour and its inscrutable and dangerous charm; and to my way of looking, the casting of the book's marvellously drawn characters could hardly be improved. Here is Sir Ralph again, as Captain Lingard—bearded wrongly, some say, as Captain Kettle or as General Smuts—but bearded rightly, in my view, as a nautical Allan Quatermain, and quite as full of integrity and dignified simplicity. (This is a man, too, whole poles removed from that bemused bank-clerk. Far from being invariably home at seven, this Conrad Captain is never home at all.) Here is Trevor Howard giving the performance of his dashing career as that specious rascal Willems, with his white suits, his silk waistcoats, and his silken charm. And here is an East-Indies native girl, Kerima, wordless, sultry, balefully beautiful, to lead Willems to his doom. She seems to me flawlessly to fulfil Conrad's own description, especially in the breathtakingly well-photographed nocturnal scenes: "In all the sombre gracefulness of the straight figure, her limbs, features—all was indistinct and vague but the gleam of her eyes in the faint starlight."

This picture will send many new readers to Conrad, and make some Conrad-lovers return to him.

To chime with the first showing of this haunting and lovely film, the little Academy, near Oxford Circus, has shrewdly revived "The Way Ahead," Mr. Reed's wartime success which devastatingly shows how rough Cockneys were turned into smooth soldiers. Miss Lejeune in a memorably good article on this film when it first appeared said she wondered now whether some man of good sense would plan "a film to show how a good soldier can be turned back into a good civilian." It is no effort at all for me to imagine Dr. Johnson turning to this same watchful and witty dragon of film-criticism and saying: "Madam, you may wonder!"



## AN ANGLO-U.S. PANCAKE RACE; AN ENGINEERING FEAT; AND A NEW BALLET.



WINNING THE PANCAKE RACE TITLE FOR THE UNITED STATES FOR THE FIRST TIME: MISS DONNA ZIMMERMAN, OF LIBERAL, KANSAS, WHO ALSO CAPTURED THE RECORD. The women of Liberal, Kansas, United States, won the international pancake trophy, a silver skillet, in the annual race with the women of Olney, Buckinghamshire, on February 26. Races were run at each town, and results exchanged by telephone. Miss Zimmerman, an eighteen-year-old student, of Liberal, Kansas, won with a time of 1 min. 8 secs.



WINNER FOR THE SECOND YEAR IN SUCCESSION OF THE OLNEY PANCAKE RACE: MRS. ISOBEL DIX (LEADING), WHO COVERED THE 415-YARD COURSE IN 1 MIN. 10.8 SECS.



IN MID-RIVER ON ITS JOURNEY FROM GRAVESEND TO TILBURY: THE PARTIALLY CONSTRUCTED 4200-TON REINFORCED CONCRETE WATER-INTAKE CHAMBER, BUILT ON THE MULBERRY PRINCIPLE AT GRAVESEND AND TILBURY, FOR THE VACUUM OIL COMPANY'S NEW REFINERY AT CORYTON.

The construction of the Vacuum Oil Company's new refinery at Coryton has progressed steadily during the winter, and it is now expected to reach completion early in 1953. One of the most spectacular operations in the vast refinery project, the towing into position and sinking of the main section of

the water-intake jetty, was arranged for March 6. This water-intake jetty is a caisson of reinforced concrete, weighing 4200 tons, which was begun at Gravesend in dry dock, and completed afloat at Tilbury. It will ultimately give a daily supply, for cooling purposes, of 45,000,000 gallons of water.



A NEW BALLET PRESENTED FOR THE FIRST TIME AT COVENT GARDEN ON MARCH 4: "A MIRROR FOR WITCHES," SHOWING THE TRIAL SCENE.

"A Mirror for Witches" was presented for the first time at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, by the Sadler's Wells Ballet on March 4. The ballet, in a prologue and five scenes, is based on the novel by Esther Foroes; with music by Denis Aplvor and the choreography and scenario by Andrée Howard.



"A MIRROR FOR WITCHES": A SCENE FROM THE NEW BALLET, SHOWING THE DEATH OF BILBY (LESLIE EDWARDS) WHO HAS BEEN CURSED BY HIS FOSTER-CHILD, DOLL.

The scenery has been designed by Norman Adams, who has also in association with Andrée Howard, designed the costumes. The part of a Witch was played by Rosemary Valaire; Doll (as a young girl) by Anne Heaton, and (as a child) by Judith Sinclair; and Hannah, her foster-mother, by Julia Farron.





## THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



### GOLDEN EAGLES AND OTHER GIANTS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

The difficulty of obtaining statistics for human beings is outdone by the difficulty in finding comparable figures for animals. Ernest Neal, who

probably knows as much about the badger as anyone, gives its average weight as 27 lb., and the record as 43 lb. This yields a percentage for outside over average of 59 per cent., which is very nearly the figure we have obtained for record heights in Britain's adult male population. The average length of our common lizard is 5½ ins., and Howard Lancum gives us a record of 8½ ins., or 55 per cent. for record over average (compared with the 59 and 63 per cent. in badgers and men). The average length of a grass-snake has been given as 3 ft. 5 ins., the record is 6 ft. 8 ins., yielding 95 per cent. Measurements for the adder are usually accepted as: usual maximum for a male, 1 ft. 6 ins.; for a female, 2 ft. The record length is 2 ft. 9 ins., giving us a percentage of 38 for outside measurements over usual maximum (which corresponds to the 46 per cent. given above for human heights).

One of the best series of measurements is given by Barrett-Hamilton and Hinton, for the brown rat. These show the average weight for a male as 13.6 ozs., and the remark is made that "specimens weighing 17 ozs. are exceptional." Yet two examined by the editor of the *Field* reached 20½ and 23 ozs. respectively, and among several others the greatest was 31½ ozs. The two authors express scepticism of anything over 23 ozs.,

but relent in a footnote, a point worth stressing. If these two, experienced in measuring animals, found such outside took their breath away, then we can perhaps understand the scepticism of my ornithological friends. If we accept the 31½ ozs., then we have, to correspond with the 63 and 46 per cent. for human heights, 132 and 85 per cent. respectively; if, on the other hand, we accept the scepticism of Barrett-Hamilton and Hinton, the figures are still 69 and 35 per cent.

It might be argued that weights should not be considered alongside linear measurements. The closeness of the figures in the examples given surely justifies that they should be. As if adding confirmation comes a recent record of a span of 68 ins. for the horns of a Cape buffalo. There do not exist statistics enabling an average span to be assessed, but I am authoritatively informed that 48 ins. is a good size. The previous record for this buffalo was 58 ins. With the new record, the disparity between usual maximum (i.e., a "good size") and record size becomes 42 per cent. (against corresponding figures of 46 per cent. for human height, 38 per cent. for adders and 35 per cent. (or 85 per cent.?) for the brown rat).

To return to the golden eagle, the first fact we meet is that no detailed records of measurements for wing-span have yet been published. All we have is a rough estimate, which is repeated by various authors, that it varies from 5 ft. to 8 ft. I propose, therefore, to accept an average of 6 ft. 6 ins., and a usual maximum of 8 ft. If, now, we strike an average for the percentages obtained in man, badger, lizard, grass-snake, adder, rat and buffalo (and including only the conservative estimate for the brown rat), we obtain the figures of 68 and 40 per cent. respectively.

Applying these to our accepted figures for the golden eagle, we get, from the one calculation, 10 ft. 9 ins., and from the other calculation 11 ft. 2 ins. for the potential outside in wing-span of a golden eagle. Having regard to the comparatively random figures available, these are remarkably close to the 11 ft. 3 ins. given by Bewick!

Finally, to return to the general criticism of ornithologists, that they have never seen such outsizes, there are two comments to be made. The first is that only accurate measurements of a "bird in the hand" have any value. The second is that such outsizes are extremely rare, possibly only one individual in 10,000,000 would be expected to reach such extreme sizes. It is possible, then, that Bewick may have been correct.



FOR COMPARISON WITH THE PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING AVERAGE AND RECORD HEIGHTS IN HUMAN BEINGS: A GOLDEN EAGLE OF AVERAGE SIZE AND THE OUTLINE OF AN EAGLE WITH A WING-SPAN OF 11 FT. 3 INS.

Bewick, writing at the close of the eighteenth century, recorded that a golden eagle shot at Warkworth in 1735 measured 11 ft. 3 ins. from wing-tip to wing-tip. Golden eagles usually measure from 5 ft. to 8 ft. in wing-span, but an outside of 11 ft. or more can be expected by analogy with record sizes in other species.



A STREET SCENE IN MIDDLESEX; SHOWING A POLICEMAN (5 FT. 10 INS.) AND BESIDE HIM AN UNUSUALLY TALL MAN, WITH A MAN OF AVERAGE HEIGHT IMMEDIATELY IN FRONT—THE PROPORTIONS OF THE TALLEST MAN ON RECORD FOR THIS COUNTRY (9 FT. 3 INS.) ARE SHOWN SUPERIMPOSED ON LEFT. We speak of a 6-ft. man as "tall," and it is not generally realised that heights of 7 ft., 8 ft., or even 9 ft. are attained, the record (9 ft. 3 ins.) being more than half as much again (63 per cent.) as the estimated average height (5 ft. 8 ins.).

Photograph by Neave Parker.

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LAST year, in a broadcast, I mentioned that a golden eagle had been shot down in the eighteenth century having a wing-span of 11 ft. My authority was the pioneer British ornithologist Bewick. As a general zoologist, I saw nothing incredible in this, although I knew that the usual figure given is 5 to 8 ft. My ornithologist friends, however, were either violently angry or shook their heads in sorrow. Some maintained that Bewick is known to be unreliable (although he is quoted freely, and without noticeable criticism, by Yarrell and other acceptable authorities). Others maintained that they had never seen evidence of such disparity in size in all the thousands of birds they had observed in the field. As to this last, perhaps I have been more fortunate, for I can recall seeing a great blackbacked gull on the east coast of Scotland some years ago which seemed to be double the size of any individual of that species I had seen before. And alongside this I would recall a brown rat in a field in Berkshire that seemed to me to be double the usual size.

But to return to Bewick: the only thing that interests me is, not whether he was right in his record of 11 ft. 3 ins. for the wing-span of a golden eagle, but what grounds have we for doubting him. In other words, can it be shown that he may have been correct. Now, statistics are terrible things, with all sorts of pitfalls for the unwary or the non-mathematically minded. Moreover, as I have found, after extensive searching, the very statistics one needs have, as a rule, never been compiled, so one must make use of others and, somewhat arbitrarily, work by analogy.

Hitherto, any experience I may have had concerning variations in size within a species, or even within a given population, has had to do mainly with aquatic animals, and particularly invertebrates. In this field the most surprising disparities in size are found, both in the sea and in the rivers, with vertebrates as well as with invertebrates. For the present purpose, however, these must be regarded as constituting a special case. The question I wish to answer is whether comparable, if smaller, disparities are found in terrestrial vertebrates. Since more is likely to be known about measurements of human beings, it seemed a reasonable first step to look into these records. Presumably they exist, but if so they are not readily available. Search made through encyclopædias, text-books, scientific journals and the like, together with enquiry of Government departments dealing with measurements of recruits to various services, and so on, has produced nothing useful. At the outset, my quest seemed simple enough, a figure for the average height for adult males in Great Britain. In the end, it was necessary to work out an average for myself, by random sampling, which gave me a height of 5 ft. 8 ins.

It was far easier to obtain the other figures needed, namely for the unusually tall and for the outsizes. After taking note of many thousands of men passed in London's streets, I accepted 6 ft. 4 ins. as unusually tall. The records for great stature, on the other hand, include Charles O'Brien (8 ft. 4 ins.), whose skeleton is preserved in the Royal College of Surgeons; Patrick Cotler (8 ft. 7 ins.), who died in 1802; John Middleton, of Lancashire (9 ft. 3 ins.), born in 1572; several others from other parts of the world, of similar heights, and at least one, 9 ft. 3 ins. high, in this country still living. Without going into closer details, this gives us: average height, 5 ft. 8 ins., unusually tall, 6 ft. 4 ins.; and record for height, 9 ft. 3 ins. Reduced to percentages, record tallness is 63 per cent. over the average and 46 per cent. over an accepted usual maximum (i.e., 6 ft. 4 ins.). What this means in practice is best exemplified by the fact that one night, in the late eighteenth century, a watchman in Bath was nearly frightened to death to see a man reach up to a street lamp, lift off its cover and light his pipe at the flame. The giant was Patrick Cotler who, as we have seen, was a mere 8 ft. 7 ins.





(ABOVE.) THE SEVERN BORE OF FEBRUARY 27, PHOTOGRAPHED AT STONEBENCH, NEAR GLOUCESTER, WHERE A LARGE CROWD HAD GATHERED IN EXPECTATION OF A RECORD WAVE.

THE Severn Bore, a marked tidal wave which rushes up the long, funnelling estuary of the river to Gloucester, reaches especial heights at spring and autumn. This year it was expected to exceed normal on Feb. 27 and large crowds gathered at Stonebench—an especially good viewing-point—to see if it would reach a height of 8 ft. and defeat the record of 1909. The day, however, was windless and the Bore of normal dimensions. The Severn Bore is well known in literature but whereas Michael Drayton (quoted below) speaks of its "hideous cry," John Masefield writes of the "Bubbleless speed so still that in the hush/One hears the mined earth dropping from the bank." Tennyson, too, speaks of it making "a silence in the hills."

(RIGHT.) "IT COMES WITH HIDEOUS CRY, AND ON THE ANGRY FRONT THE CURLLED FOAM DOETH BRING THE BILLOWS 'GAINST THE BANKS...": THE SEVERN BORE NEAR STONEBENCH.



THE SEVERN BORE: A FINE PHOTOGRAPH, FOLLOWING THE RACING HEAD OF WATER, WHICH SOMETIMES REACHES 13 MILES PER HOUR, AND THE SWELL WHICH FOLLOWS THE CREST

THE SEVERN BORE: FINE PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE MASSIVE TIDAL WAVE WHICH RACES FAR UP THE SEVERN IN SPRING.



## FURTHER LIGHT ON THE LARGEST AND FINEST ROMAN MOSAICS YET KNOWN:

### THE EXCAVATION OF THE PIAZZA ARMERINA VILLA IN SICILY.

By GINO VINICIO GENTILI, of the Antiquities Department of Eastern Sicily,  
Field Director of the Excavations.

(In our issue of December 22 we published a number of photographs of the superb Roman mosaics—the largest and finest yet known—recently revealed in the remains of a large Roman villa near Piazza Armerina, in Sicily. Signor Gentili, who has been in charge of the excavations, here describes the villa and the principal mosaics—of which many are yet to be revealed—with some new illustrations.)



FIG. 1. SOME OF THE COLUMNS OF THE PERISTYLE IN THE ROMAN VILLA AT PIAZZA ARMERINA, IN WHICH AN AMAZING SERIES OF IMPERIAL ROMAN MOSAICS HAS BEEN RECENTLY LAID BARE. ONE SERIES (FIG. 8) RAN ALONGSIDE THE COLUMNS OF THE PERISTYLE.

TO the south-west of Piazza Armerina (5 km.), in the district of Casale, not far from the left bank of the upper course of the Geia, stand the superb remains of a magnificent Roman villa dating from the fourth century A.D., and of great value on account of the polychrome mosaic flooring, admirably preserved over a very large area.

This ancient monument, which was first identified at the beginning of the last century, has long been the scene of excavations, which were begun in 1889 when the archaeologist's pick started to clear a way through the luxuriant orchards of walnut-trees which form a delightful group of plantations on the more gentle slopes of the steep hillsides. The exploration of the small section of mosaic with its mythical figures then uncovered was not resumed until 1929, when it led to the discovery of the vast scene representing the "Massacre" from the Labours of Hercules. On completion of the excavations, however, the mosaic flooring was again covered over, and it was only after the subsequent seasons (1935-1939), and when the task of restoring and protecting them (1949) had been completed, that it was possible to reveal to the public the compositions of the large apartment with three apses, the front portico, the two northern apartments and the southern apse of the long corridor. The task of continuing the excavations of the huge structure was undertaken by the Antiquities Department of Eastern Sicily, in the beginning of the spring of 1950, thanks to the interest shown by the Regional Government of Sicily, which provided ample funds and entrusted the work to me.

The remarkable building, the architecture of which is being increasingly laid bare, was a nobleman's country residence. Access to the villa is gained through the monumental entrance, which is reached from the south by an avenue which no doubt branched off from the adjacent ancient main road at that time traversing the interior of Sicily, from Catania to Agriguntum. Inside the villa it is possible to recognise

the bath, a little way beyond the main entrance, and two other buildings, one built around the peristyle (Figs. 1 and 8) and the other (which was the first to be excavated) around the portico courtyard, the two sides of which curve to form a sweeping arc. The apartments are terraced, to meet the exigencies of the site; this was a favourite design of Roman architects, as is proved by the remains of other imperial villas. The peristyle is joined to the courtyard by a long, handsome corridor which, raised above the peristyle, formed an open belvedere extending the entire width of the latter, and gave access to the other large interior apartments.

Apart from the architectural grandeur of the structure, in style equal to that of an imperial residence, the magnificent mosaics of the flooring still remain as evidence of the sumptuous interior decoration; and conjure up a fit setting for the members of the illustrious Roman family which in the later years of the empire had the villa built in the calm quiet of the green countryside of Sicily, not far from Enna, famous in mythology for the rape of Proserpine by Pluto, on the flowering banks of the Lake of Pergusa. The visitor, walking in amazement amongst the wonderful variegated colours, can now see the glittering flooring, which displays the sweeping spirals of green acanthus, enlivened by red flowers, animals and birds, designed in a completely naturalistic style. It now stands revealed as a fundamentally geometrical pattern of large squares, with representations of animals surrounded by festoons of laurel (Figs. 7 and 8). Even greater delights await him when his gaze falls on the gay and joyous boys and girls engaged in fishing, harvesting and gathering the grapes in a delightful and natural evocation of scenes of aquatic and rural life. The pictorial designs in the triclinium seem even more superb and majestic, and in them the triumphs of Greek mythology come into their own, centring round the feats of Hercules. For this reason the apartment has been well named the "Hall of the Massacre," since on entering the central doorway, the visitor is confronted suddenly with the monsters and mythical beings who were overcome by the superhuman strength of Hercules in the labours which he undertook for the benefit of humanity (Fig. 6). In the left apse stands out the majestic Hercules himself, crowned in honour of his epic feats with a wreath of bayleaves. In the centre apse are the defiant giants who rebelled against Heaven and who were overwhelmed. They are shown with darts thrust into their muscular bodies, some displaying impotent rage, others pathetically pleading, and all in convulsive contortions worthy of a piece of sculpture of the school of Rhodes. The subject of the right apse is a myth of Dionysus: Lycurgus, the destroyer of the vines, is seen hurling himself with his double-headed axe at the Menad Ambrosia (Fig. 2), who, by changing herself into a slender grape-vine, twined herself round the hero's legs, and so laid him open to the vengeance of the people and the assault of a panther. The various scenes thus portrayed, and even those dealing with different subjects, seemed to be linked together, and I believe it is possible to recognise a symbolic, instructive intention in the arrangement of the groups of mythological figures. These are



FIG. 3. PART OF THE MYTHOLOGICAL SERIES IN THE TRICLINIUM WHICH SUPPORT THE MAIN SUBJECT, "THE LABOURS OF HERCULES": (LEFT) HESIONE WITH THE SEA MONSTER FROM WHICH HERCULES DELIVERED HER; AND (RIGHT) ENDYMION, THE BELOVED OF DIANA.

conceived in a style which is still completely Greek in its plastic and chiaroscuro treatment. In each central motif of the action, the stress is on a different object: the glorification of Hercules' strength in the service of humanity; the overthrowing of the titanic forces in revolt against Heaven; or violence against natural laws being suppressed by the avengers of the innocent victims. The outstanding scene from mythology is

to be found in another large apartment in the apse of the peristyle: Orpheus, the singer of Thrace, seated on a rock, is shown singing to the accompaniment of his lyre whilst around him crowd animals, birds and trees enchanted by his music. The myth gives way to the realities of life in the scene from the family gymnasium, artistically inferior to the other mosaics, and undoubtedly the work of a less skilled artist; it is, however, of interest for the light which it throws on the athletic activities of women in the later days of the Roman Empire, or, as Pace believes, because it represents a *water spectacle*, that is to say, women indulging in water sports (Frontispiece).

Nevertheless, the greatest scene of all, which has been miraculously preserved, is that which extends along the large corridor, closed at one end by the Colonnade with personifications, in the Greek tradition, of Africa, Arabia (Fig. 4) and Armenia. The long mosaic, like so many pictures in an adventure film, shows various episodes of the chase (Fig. 5) against a landscape of red rocks and hills, the bases of which are washed by streams and bordered by marshy plains, and showing the animals being loaded on to and disembarked from large galleys. In varying scenes, wild animals are shown attacking donkeys, wild goats and antelopes; wild animals being hunted by men with long spears; the capturing of the animals in large cages or with long ropes; and the carrying off of the tiger cubs by a horseman who, by crossing the narrow gangway, embarks in the river vessel, after having distracted the pursuing tigress by abandoning one of



FIG. 2. THE MENAD AMBROSIA, THE CENTRAL FIGURE OF THE RIGHT APSE OF THE TRICLINIUM MOSAICS. THE SUBJECT IS A DIONYSUS MYTH, THE DEATH OF LYCURGUS, THE DESTROYER OF THE VINES.

the cubs, at the sight of which the animal's rage gives way to maternal solicitude. But the crude realism of the scenes—which bear the marks of a sense of pictorial values, and in which the human figures are

made to serve obviously decorative motifs by distortion and abstract colouring in the Byzantine manner—is linked with a mystical idea in the form of a sphinx-like creature which looks out over the desert amongst Egyptian pyramids and a winged griffin which guards a cage in which a man is imprisoned. A mystery or a piece of transcendental symbolism with a Christian meaning? These are the superb mosaics with which must have harmonised the inlaid marble of the walls, the decorations of the vaulting and the marble sculptures which stood on bases in the centre of the curve of the apse, and of which only mutilated fragments now exist, although not without value, like the admirable torso reproducing the Lycian Apollo of Praxiteles.

After the removal of huge quantities of earth which had accumulated since the early Norman era, this imperial Roman villa, whose walls show also alternating Byzantine and Arab influences, has now been restored to the light of day after more than half-a-century of intermittent research. It holds out the promise of still greater things to come and is still wrapt in mystery, because around the columns of the peristyle and the porticos now rising from the earth, and along the hanging corridors and the vast terraces which descend the lower slope of Mount Mangone towards the river, other wonderful surfaces of harmonious colouring surely await discovery.



## DISCOVERED IN SICILY—THE LARGEST IMPERIAL ROMAN MOSAICS YET KNOWN.



FIG. 4. AFRICA AND ARABIA PERSONIFIED WITH A TIGRESS AND A CURIOUSLY "QUILTED" ELEPHANT. A MOSAIC WHICH ENDS A LONG CORRIDOR OTHERWISE GIVEN OVER TO INCIDENTS OF THE CHASE. AMONG THE PROVINCES OF THE EMPIRE THUS PERSONIFIED ARE AFRICA, ARABIA AND ARMENIA.



FIG. 5. PART OF THE GREAT CORRIDOR WHICH CARRIES THE FINEST SCENES OF THE MOSAICS, THE SERIES OF INCIDENTS OF THE CHASE. HERE, IN A ROLLING AND WOODED LANDSCAPE, A LION, WHICH HAS KILLED AN ANTELOPE, TURNS TO SNARL AT TWO APPROACHING HUNTERS.



FIG. 6. IN THE CENTRAL APSE OF THE TRICLINIUM: A DETAIL OF THE SLAUGHTER OF THE GIANTS BY HERCULES, SHOWING A STRICKEN GIANT WITH AN ARROW IN HIS BREAST AND BLOOD GUSHING FROM THE WOUND—TYPICAL OF THE VIVID DRAMA OF THIS SERIES.

On this page we give some photographs of the superb Roman mosaics, whose discovery near Piazza Armerina, in Sicily, Signor Gentili describes in his article. The principal mosaics are as follows: in the peristyle, a series of animal heads in wreaths (Figs. 1, 7, 8); the triclinium, a triptych as it were, of Hercules, his labours, and the death of Lycurgus, perhaps the finest as works of art



FIG. 7. THE HEAD OF AN IBEX, IN A GARLAND OF LAUREL WITH A LEAF MOTIF AND A BIRD IN THE UPPER CORNERS. THIS IS ONE OF THE MEDALLIONS WHICH GO TO MAKE UP THE PERISTYLE MOSAIC (FIG. 8).



FIG. 8. THE PERISTYLE MOSAICS (SEE ALSO FIGS. 1 AND 7). IN SQUARES DIVIDED BY A GUILLOCHE ARE ANIMAL HEADS IN LAUREL WREATHS, DIVERSIFIED WITH BIRDS, RED FLOWERS AND LEAF MOTIFS.

(Figs. 2 and 6); a long corridor given over to incidents of the chase, probably the most interesting section (Figs. 4, 5); and, most astonishing, though inferior as works of art, a chamber showing eight naked female gymnasts. The mosaics are in an extremely good state of preservation, with many brilliant colours—a fact which will be revealed in some colour plates which we hope to reproduce in the future.



## LEONARDO'S INCOMPARABLE DRAUGHTSMANSHIP: EXAMPLES NOW ON VIEW.



"A YOUNG WOMAN PAINTING." BLACK CHALK. PROBABLY AFTER 1513. (8½ by 5½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"STUDIES OF CATS AND OF A DRAGON." PEN AND INK AND SOME WASH OVER BLACK CHALK. (10½ by 8½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



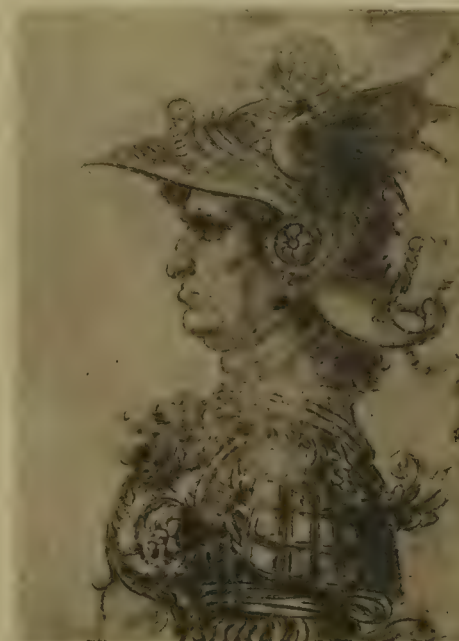
"A YOUTH WITH A LANCE." PEN AND INK AND WASH OVER BLACK CHALK ON "PORRIDGE-COLOURED" PAPER. AFTER 1513. (10½ by 7½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"STUDY FOR THE DRAPERY OF A FIGURE KNEELING TO THE LEFT." DRAWN WITH THE BRUSH-POINT ON BLUE PREPARED SURFACE. (8½ by 6½ ins.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"FIVE GROTESQUE HEADS." PEN AND INK. C. 1490. ILLUSTRATING LEONARDO'S INTEREST IN THE ABNORMAL. (10½ by 8½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"PROFILE OF A WARRIOR WEARING AN ELABORATE HELMET AND CUIRASS." SILVER POINT. C. 1480. (11½ by 8½ ins. approx.) (By permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.)



"A HORSE IN PROFILE TO THE RIGHT AND ITS FORE-LEGS." SILVER POINT ON BLUE PREPARED SURFACE. (8½ by 6½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"PROFILE OF A GIRL." SILVER POINT ON PINKISH PREPARED SURFACE. C. 1486-88. (12½ by 6½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"THE VIRGIN AND ST. ANNE AND THE INFANT ST. JOHN." CARTOON IN CHARCOAL. C. 1498-99. (54½ by 39½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by permission of the Royal Academy of Arts.)

On this and the facing page we reproduce some examples of the incomparable draughtsmanship of Leonardo da Vinci in the Exhibition in the Royal Academy Diploma Gallery, Burlington House, held to mark the Quincentenary of the artist's birth; and due for its opening on March 6. Da Vinci "used every technique known to the draughtsmen of his day, and even, if we are to believe Lomazzo, invented a new one—pastel. Pen and ink, however, remained throughout his career the method of drawing which

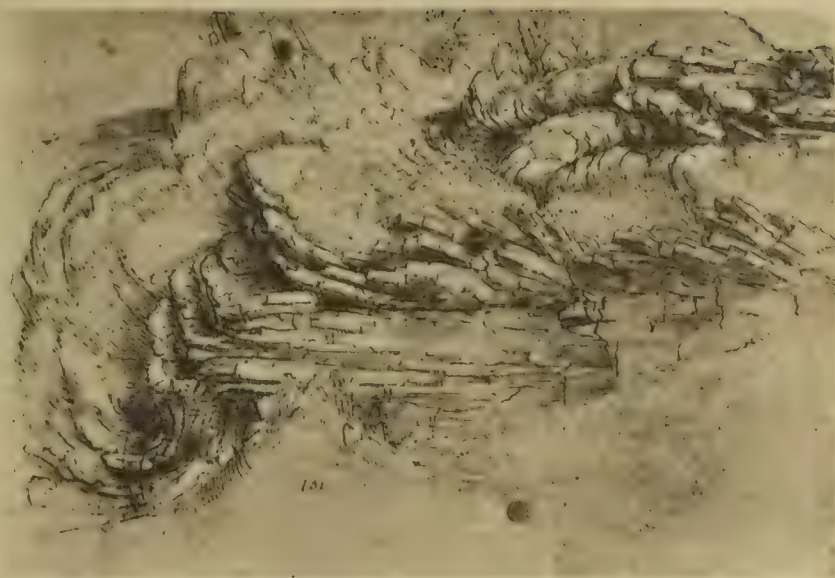
was most consistently employed by him." He drew the ugly and grotesque as well as the beautiful. Allegorical subjects, landscapes, human beings and flowers were all set down by his masterly left hand—he never drew with his right hand—and visitors to Burlington House will see a series illustrating the full range of his genius. The drawings of "A Young Woman Painting" and of "A Youth with a Lance" may have been made for a Masque. The drapery is a study for the National Gallery "Virgin of the Rocks."



# LEONARDO DA VINCI AT THE R.A.: LOANS FROM THE ROYAL COLLECTION.



"DRAWINGS OF CHARIOTS ARMED WITH FLAILS, OF AN ARCHER WITH A SHIELD AND OF A HORSEMAN WITH THREE LANCES." PEN AND INK AND WASH. C. 1485-88. (7½ by 11 ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"STUDY OF ROCK FORMATIONS," ONE OF LEONARDO DA VINCI'S GEOLOGICAL STUDIES. PEN AND INK OVER BLACK CHALK. C. 1510-13. (7½ by 10½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



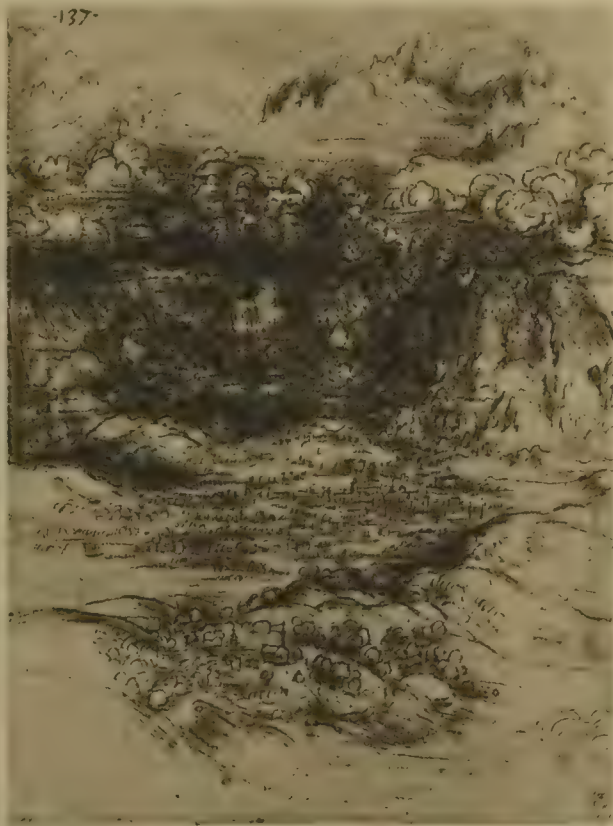
"ALLEGORY," THE SYMBOLISM UNEXPLAINED. RED CHALK ON BROWNISH-GREY PAPER. C. 1510? (6½ by 11 ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"STUDIES OF ASSES AND OF AN OX." SILVER OR LEAD-POINT, PARTLY GONE OVER WITH PEN AND INK. (6½ by 7 ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"FOUR STUDIES FOR AN EQUESTRIAN MONUMENT," PEN AND INK—THE MEDIUM MOST CONSTANTLY EMPLOYED BY LEONARDO FOR DRAUGHTSMANSHIP. (11 by 7½ ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"A STORM OVER AN ALPINE VALLEY," RED CHALK. C. 1499. DATING FROM THE END OF THE FIRST MILANESE PERIOD. (11½ by 6 ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)



"A LILY," PEN AND INK AND BROWN WASH OVER BLACK CHALK HEIGHTENED WITH WHITE. (12½ by 7 ins. approx.) (Reproduced by gracious permission of H.M. the Queen.)

The Quincentenary of the birth of Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519)—"perhaps the most prodigally gifted human being produced by any age," to quote Mr. Cecil Gould—is being celebrated by an exhibition in the Diploma Gallery of the Royal Academy at Burlington House, as noted in our last week's issue. In the South and West Rooms, drawings by Leonardo's own hand are on view. These include a great series of masterpieces from the Royal Collection. His late Majesty King George VI. most generously arranged to make this splendid loan, and the

selection of drawings for the exhibition was made from Windsor by Sir Kenneth Clark and Mr. A. E. Popham. The British Museum, the Ashmolean and other public galleries and private collectors have also made important loans. A group of paintings, not by Leonardo, but which nearly all seem to have been based on his designs, are shown in the North Room; and the Scientific Section, prepared and arranged by the Science Museum, with the assistance of Dr. Keele, occupies the East Room. The exhibits include models after da Vinci designs.





WHEN, one bright day in February, I emerged into St. James's Square from the exhibition of French Drawings at the Arts Council Gallery, I said to myself: "If I am destined to be knocked down and killed by a taxi, this is the moment, for I shall be leaving this world with my eyes bright with the memory of some of the most exquisite scraps of paper ever touched by the hand of man." From this it can be deduced that, in my opinion, the Arts Council has once more placed us all in its debt—and may it long continue to do so!

However, fate was kind, and with a train to catch in less than two hours, I made my way to the British Museum where, in the Prints and Drawings Gallery, are to be found, as all the world knows and often forgets, some of the finest drawings by Claude and

## A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. UNMATCHED SPLENDOUR IN BLOOMSBURY.

By FRANK DAVIS.

erudition and amused by the fervour with which he bludgeons us with his theories of the "picturesque"—theories long since outmoded—we owe him a great deal, for in addition to these wonderful drawings by Claude, he left to the Museum his entire collection of bronzes, coins, gems and marbles.

It so happens that the Museum has recently acquired through the National Art-Collections Fund yet another fine Claude (1600-1682) drawing which I believe is here reproduced for the first time (Fig. 3). It is one of several drawings contained in a scrap-book, still with its original leather binding, which once belonged to Lord James Cavendish (d. 1741), son of the second Duke of Devonshire, the founder of the great collection at Chatsworth. Neither this nor the other drawings have been removed from the book, so that it requires little effort of the imagination to step back in time and share the pleasure of the owner of more than 200 years ago

as he carefully pasted in his acquisitions and covered each one with Chinese paper to protect it from damage. The others vary in quality by comparison with this magisterial Claude seaport, but they include the Dürer of Fig. 2, two drawings by Fra Bartolommeo, and a roundel by Dierick Vellert.

When scrap-books such as this come on the market, their contents are usually dispersed, and for good and obvious reasons. This one has come into safe

keeping and will presumably be retained in its present form. Having looked at this with due reverence, you can turn round, gaze at the Watteaus on the opposite wall and sing a *Nunc dimittis* under your breath. Famous though these may be and familiar to many thousands, they possess a haunting beauty which is beyond this world, and yet tied to it. Innumerable men and women must have attempted to set their own thoughts in order when confronted by these delicate visions, mostly in red or red and black chalk. Other artists have handled pen or crayon with equal facility, many have chosen models which are more in accord with modern taste, no one has given to his subjects so profound a feeling of pleasure in the beauty of the human body and of sadness in that beauty's

frailty. The orthodox view of this greatly gifted man is coloured by the knowledge that he died of tuberculosis in 1721 at the age of thirty-seven. Arguing back from this deplorable occurrence, generations of admirers have seen in every stroke of his brush the heightened sensibility which sometimes—only sometimes—accompanies chronic ill-health.

But others whom the gods have loved have died



FIG. 2. "AN ANGEL"; BY ALBRECHT DÜRER (1471-1528). ONE OF THE DRAWINGS CONTAINED IN THE SCRAP-BOOK RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

When a scrap-book containing Old Master drawings comes into the market the contents are usually dispersed. That, however, which belonged to Lord James Cavendish and is now in the British Museum, will presumably be retained in its present form. It contains this Dürer as well as the Claude which we reproduce.

at an early age—for example, Bonington and Géricault—and no one argues on similar lines about them; nor, I suggest, would anybody completely ignorant of the artist's life, and seeing one of his jolly little nudes—cheerful, charming young women—or the miraculous study of the seated girl in Fig. 1 for the first time really convince himself that Watteau's outlook on life was especially melancholic. The evidence of both drawings and pictures surely proves that here is a man of quite normal cheerfulness, who looks at the world with tender irony—why, even the statues in the gardens where his adorable young people are conversing seem to be half-alive and joining in the music and conversation. One picture by him, and one only, achieves the height of tragic irony, the famous Gilles in the Louvre—the remainder show a world of fantasy where it is always afternoon. The way these compositions were built up is interesting, and that is where the study of the drawings becomes

more and more fascinating as one becomes familiar with them. He made them almost wholly for his own professional use rather than for sale to others. He would dream of some landscape or other and then consult his albums, taking from them whatever figures he considered most fitted to harmonise with his proposed composition and its mood. Hence the difficulty of giving a date to so many of them, because the fact that a particular figure appears in a painting is far from being a proof that it was made in the same year as a preliminary sketch for something already in his mind's eye. In fact, he seems to have made no preliminary sketches of the composition as a whole, but built it up directly.

What chance of you or I finding a Watteau drawing? One would imagine none. Yet an acquaintance of mine, looking for English water-colours, found one pasted in an old scrap-book amid as absurd a collection of rubbish it is possible to dream about.



FIG. 1. "A SEATED GIRL"; BY JEAN ANTOINE WATTEAU (1684-1721). A MASTERPIECE NOW ON EXHIBITION IN THE PRINTS AND DRAWINGS ROOM, BRITISH MUSEUM.

This drawing, which Frank Davis refers to as "the miraculous study of the seated girl," is one of the fifty-three drawings by Watteau in the British Museum.

Illustrations on this page by permission of the Trustees of the British Museum.

Watteau it is possible to imagine. A small selection of these had been hung, without beat of drum or sound of trumpet, and I take leave to remind all men that, though it may be customary to take our national possessions for granted, we do house in that august Bloomsbury institution a vast collection of drawings unmatched in splendour. There are, it is true, some lamentable gaps, especially in the French nineteenth century—for example, there is only one Cézanne, and that by no means typical—but none can complain about 270 Claudes, bequeathed by Richard Payne Knight in 1824, and fifty-three Watteaus, nearly every one of which leaves one wondering how such delicacy could be transferred to paper.

The Claudes turned up in the most casual way—they were found in Spain and sold *en bloc* to Knight, whose immense reputation during his lifetime as the great Panjandrum of collectors has gone the way of similar reputations in other generations. Few indeed can have read his "Analytical Essay on the Greek Alphabet" or his "Inquiry into the Symbolical Language of Ancient Art and Mythology"—I know I have not—but I can recommend his "Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taste," published in 1808, as a lively literary curiosity. If you have paid a visit recently to the First Hundred Years of the Royal Academy Exhibition, you may have noticed a fine portrait of him by Sir Thomas Lawrence. All the same, though we may be scared by his, formidable



FIG. 3. "A SEAPORT"; BY CLAUDE GELLÉE, CALLED CLAUDE LORRAINE (1600-1682). FROM A SCRAP-BOOK RECENTLY ACQUIRED BY THE BRITISH MUSEUM THROUGH THE NATIONAL ART-COLLECTIONS FUND.

This fine drawing recently acquired by the British Museum through the National Art-Collections Fund is, Frank Davis believes, here reproduced for the first time. It is contained in a scrap-book, still with its original leather binding, once the property of Lord James Cavendish (d. 1741).



# OLD CRAFTS IN A FORMER DEBTORS' PRISON: YORK CASTLE MUSEUM.



WHERE DICK TURPIN SPENT HIS LAST HOURS: THE CONDEMNED CELL, WITH ITS IRON BED, PRESERVED AS PART OF YORK CASTLE MUSEUM.



OLD CRAFTSMEN'S INSTRUMENTS PRESERVED IN YORK DEBTORS' PRISON, NOW PART OF THE CASTLE MUSEUM: A WOODTURNER'S LATHE AND A BLACKSMITH'S BEAM DRILL. IN SOME OF THE CELLS COMPLETE WORKSHOPS ARE SHOWN.



A VISTA OF YORK DEBTORS' PRISON, NOW PART OF THE YORK CASTLE MUSEUM: A CORRIDOR WITH CELLS OPENING OFF ON EACH SIDE, EACH HOUSING SEPARATE EXHIBITS.



THE BELLOWS OF THE "NESS HALL SMITHY" IN YORK CASTLE MUSEUM. THIS SMITHY ORIGINALLY STOOD NEAR SLINGSBY, AND HAS BEEN RE-ERECTED IN THE MUSEUM.



RECALLING INNUMERABLE NORTH-COUNTRY VILLAGE SMITHIES: PART OF THE BLACKSMITH'S SHOP, OF BRICKS FROM YORK SHAMBLES, IN THE CASTLE MUSEUM.



AN EIGHTEENTH-CENTURY TANNERY: SOME OF THE AUTHENTIC TANNERS' TOOLS, INCLUDING THE WHALEBONE BEAM SEEN IN THE FOREGROUND, AT YORK CASTLE MUSEUM.



RELICS OF AN OLD YORK BUSINESS—WM. SEALE, BRUSHMAKER—WHICH ENDED ONLY IN 1948: A TREADLE LATHE (RIGHT) FOR BORING BRUSH STOCKS, AND (LEFT) SETTING UP A BRUSH.

York Castle Museum has for some time now been well known as a folk-museum and for its old streets and shops. It is situated not far from Clifford's Tower in what was the old Women's Prison, built in 1780. On January 24, however, Lord and Lady Scarbrough performed the opening ceremony of a considerable extension to the museum in the adjoining building, the old Debtors' Prison. The ground floor (once occupied by felons) has been converted with little structural change, the individual cells being used to display old or dying crafts. The condemned cell in

which Dick Turpin and Eugene Aram spent their last hours, is preserved in its original condition. The upper floors, where the debtors were confined, are being used to display costume and military items. These last refer especially to regiments connected with Yorkshire, and include an umbrella which belonged to the Duke of Wellington. As Lord Scarbrough remarked, York is well fitted to possess a military museum, since it has been the headquarters of many formations from the Roman Sixth Legion to Northern Command to-day.



## NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

## FICTION OF THE WEEK.

IT is a commonplace that there are few stories in the world. And with the march of time, as novels pour out by the million, they become fewer; even the variations have a threadbare look. Which leads at moments to fatigue of spirit, and revulsion from the whole game. But after all, the same thing could be said of life. That too is endlessly monotonous, for ever harping on the old strings; once we have learnt the basic tune, it can have few surprises. And yet it never duplicates, and our reactions are never spent. And it is just the same with story-telling. The matter can't be new; but if the book is alive, it comes upon us as a revelation, a unique experience.

"Good Friday's Daughter," by Francis Stuart (Gollancz; 12s. 6d.), has this rare quality of revelation. Its matter is the oldest in the world, the most fatigued, the hardest to reanimate: it is a tragedy of star-crossed love. Mark Considine has been away in Paris working on a first novel. Meanwhile his brother Leo, on the Irish farm, has taken a wife. And from the hour when Mark comes home, with dreams of wealth and fame, but with a tender yearning for the old life, we can foresee the upshot: he and Danielle will fall in love.

And it is bound to be a tragic love. Leo will never guess, and they can never tell him. For though not judging or complacent, he is "once-born"; he has a simple confidence in good, a native blindness to the dark powers. He too might have destroyed his marriage in the name of passion; for he loves Antonia, who used to help him on the farm. But he has never called it love; his only daydream was to make a sister of her. It was Antonia who felt the stress. And so she ran away, back to her brutish husband... and became a murderess. Leo is always grieving for her, but he still assumes that all will end right. He will create a little Eden on the farm, and when her legal penance has expired she will come out and join them. But she is not, as he imagines, an assenting sacrifice; she has gone down to the abyss. And that is well for him. For when she does return, his peaceful haven has been blasted by the dark truth.

This tale might have been called "Redemption" or "The Flowering Cross"—titles the author has already used; for what he preaches is redemption through guilt and pain. And so, of course, the link with Dostoevsky is at once apparent. But though much dwelt on by reviewers, it is merely specious. Antonia and all connected with her might be cut out, the lesson might be dropped, and yet the revelation would have lost nothing. For it is all in Mark and Danielle and their mortal storm; it is an exquisite and poignant vision of unhappy love. I can't convey the beauty of it, and in Dostoevsky it has no parallel. For his demonic force, his rush and whirlwind of emotion, we should look in vain; but, on the other hand, there is a vital beauty in the setting.

"The Bottle Organ," by René Masson (Wingate; 12s. 6d.), is all about the daily round; it apes the sprightly, futile and pathetic chiming of a "bottle xylophone," played by an old musician on the kerb. These people are the prisoners of want. They have no talent, no prospect of enlargement; that gutter-music will express them, all the days of their life. Yet there are dreams in it, and high ambitions. The old Poseurs, the old Létouffés are resigned and done, but not the children; they intend to get out—into the world of glossy cars and Hollywood celebrities. Mitou has set his hopes on crime, but Antoinette aspires to stardom. Indeed, her inner life is a perpetual movie. And it can be done; she has the looks, she has the fixity of purpose, she has no entanglements. Men have been after her from childhood, but she kept them off; her love-scenes must be "somewhere else"...

Then she meets Jojo of the music-halls. And there is no excuse, for she sees through him. Singers of his calibre, with soaring hopes but very seldom with engagements, are a local product. He will get nowhere; but he is thin and buoyant and pathetic, and he melts her heart. And with a shrewish and despairing fondness, she resigns everything.

We have been warned that "this is not a pretty book," and that the style is sometimes "brutal"; but I don't agree. It is not glossy, or inclined to squeamishness, or sentimental in the English vein. But in its own way—its warm, sad, cynical and mirthful way—I think it is a pretty book.

"Accident to Adelaide," by Eric Burgess (Michael Joseph; 10s. 6d.), is more appropriately introduced; it is a "thriller with a difference," as the jacket says. Yet it has no misguided itch to figure as a straight novel; its workings are intelligent but pure. Gordon's young, vehement, pigheaded sister has begun to teach, in a North London school. The children are a rough lot; and Anthony, white-faced, defiant and morose, is an acknowledged firebrand. Jean has no real vocation, but she won't own up; she is resolved to teach these young barbarians, including Tony, "even if it kills her."

Which leads to an obsession with the bad boy. Tony has had a lamentable start; his home was bombed, his father killed in action, and his Mum is dead, so now he lives in one room with an aged grandma. Though very backward, he is evidently not stupid; and Jean makes up her mind to "rescue" him. Then Gordon feels that it is time to rescue her—from an ill-judged infatuation, a polite old grandma, a ghoulish, sinister old house. And in the process, his suspicions take a great leap. There is some secret about Mum. . . . An admirable story, with a new approach altogether.

"Game for Three Losers," by Edgar Lustgarten (Museum Press; 10s. 6d.), is not so much a crime story as the study of a crime. All is quite open and above-board. We know that Robert Hilary, M.P., has been a shade incautious with his new secretary. Really, it was a kind of accident; and she is very luscious, and it did not go far. And of herself, the lovely Frances would not have exploited it—at least, no more than reason. Only she is in bondage to a rogue, and the result is blackmail. Hilary might have quashed it at the start, but he had not the nerve; and soon it is too late for everyone. This is a cautionary tale, spiced with ironic humour and extremely well told.

## CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

OCCASIONALLY when the frenzied chaos of to-day becomes unbearable, it is pleasant to transfer our gaze to the dim past. In doing this we of course gloss over such facts as that the average Elizabethan died at the age of thirty-four or so; that Helen of Troy's beauty lay mainly in her having escaped by an extraordinary fluke the effects of smallpox and a score of other disfiguring diseases then rampant; and so on. We just enjoy the once-in-a-million flash of beauty or genius amid the engulfing murk. Like this pretty little game of Greco's, played about 1630, in which he gave the odds of a knight:

Remove White's king's knight before starting.

GRECO. (White.)	ANONYMOUS. (Black.)
1. P-K4	P-K4
2. B-B4	Kt-KB3
3. P-Q4	Kt×P
4. P×P	Kt×P

Very plausible. If 5. K×Kt—apparently forced—then 5. . . . Q-R5ch, followed by 6. . . . Q×B recovers the piece with interest.

5. Castles!	Kt×Q
6. B×Pch	K-K2
7. B-Kt5 mate.	

Still quite refreshing, though the players have been in their graves for three centuries and more.

A century and a half before that, Damiano's was the name to conjure with. He wrote about 1500:

*Never make a motiveless move.*

*If you see a good move, look for a better.*

*If you have gained a material advantage, exchange off pieces.*

*If you have a winning advantage, don't let the game become wild, or run risks to gain still more material.*

*Do not move unnecessarily the pawns in front of your king.*

It is safe to say that games are still being lost daily through inattention to these classic principles!

The origins of chess lie much deeper, of course. The earliest reference to chess in all literature occurs in a romance about Artakshir (Artaxerxes), and runs as follows:

*When Ardawan saw Artakshir, he rejoiced and esteemed him highly. He commanded him to accompany his sons and knights to the chase and to the ball games. Artakshir did this and by God's help became doughtier and more skilled than them all in ball play, in horsemanship, in chess, in hunting and in all other accomplishments.*

This was written about A.D. 600, though Artakshir lived about A.D. 250. You and I would assume that chess existed in A.D. 250. The historians are more cautious; they assume that chess had only existed long enough in A.D. 600 for the author to consider it a pursuit worthy of Artakshir's prowess and consequently insert it in the romance; perhaps since A.D. 550.

This was in Persia. Omar Khayyam's *Rubaiyat*, four centuries later, has many references to chess, though the "Chequer-Board of Nights and Days" must surely be one of Fitzgerald's more fanciful bits of "translation," as the chessboard was a simple affair of criss-cross lines in Omar's time, without contrasting colours.

Without being any less cautious than the historians, I might at least suggest that chess has existed in Persia long enough for somebody to have taught it to Mossadegh in time to instil a little sense into his head and save us all a lot of trouble.

## BOOKS OF THE DAY.

## VICTORIANA.

I SEE that one famous critic whose work I greatly admire has been a little severe with the latest book of that excellent biographer, Miss Dormer Creston: "The Youthful Queen Victoria" (Macmillan; 30s.). For once I venture to disagree with him. It is true that sometimes one suspects that the authoress is using a biographer's licence in her description of times and seasons. The possibility that Miss Dormer Creston may have offended in this way is the only important criticism which I can find. On the question of documentation as far as the young Princess's and Queen's observations, interviews and emotions are concerned, Miss Creston could not, of course, go wrong. It was an age of great diarists, tireless correspondents, and indefatigable gossips. Moreover, the Queen herself had something more than a normal girlish exuberance in committing her emotions to paper—whether in letters to her uncle Leopold or in confidences addressed to her journal.

It is an attractive picture of Queen Victoria which emerges, though the Queen's later heartless treatment of "dear Lehen" and her behaviour to Sir Robert Peel, dancing his embarrassed shuffle before his enraged and bristling Sovereign, may incline one, on occasions, to agree more with the judgment of the Rev. Archer Clive—"such a little vixen"—than with Lady Granville's "such a little love of a Queen." Incidentally, at a time when the question of the Duke of Edinburgh's title is under consideration, it is amusing to read Queen Victoria's suggestion that Prince Albert should be made "King Consort" by Act of Parliament was turned down by Melbourne. After many evasions, that wise and lounging statesman exclaimed: "For God's sake, let's hear no more of it, Ma'am; for if you once get the English people into the way of making kings, you'll get them into the way of unmaking them." Yes, a most readable book.

Shortly after the point at which Miss Dormer Creston ends her book, the young Queen Victoria, with Prince Albert, Lord Aberdeen, Sir Robert Peel, the youthful Disraeli and many other notables, paid a visit to the second Duke of Buckingham and Chandos, at his noble country-house palace of Stowe. It was the last flare-up of the private glories of one of the greatest houses of England, for the Duke was bankrupt at the time, the bailiffs were actually in the house, and would only make one concession to the distracted host—they allowed themselves to be dressed up in his livery for the period of the visit. The Duke's colossal extravagance (he inherited some £6,000,000 and succeeded in spending £7,000,000, a feat which caused *The Times* to remark "His Grace has thrown away his high position for the baubles of a pauper and the tinsels of a fool") indirectly, however, paved the way for a second period of glory—as one of Britain's greatest public schools. Mr. Alasdair Macdonald, in "Stowe: House and School" (Cowell; 25/-), has written a historical account of the great eighteenth-century house and of its second manifestation as a school. All old Stoics will feel that he has the only possible dedication: "To J. F. R. who, in his own incomparable way, turned The House into The School." For those of us who were privileged to see the transformation of the derelict, crumbling mansion, to know something of the first set of school governors, and the somewhat odd original collection of boys which we were, will always hold the greatest headmaster of the twentieth century in affectionate admiration. The house and grounds are so beautiful that the photographs which Mr. Macdonald has chosen inevitably embellish a script which I can only describe as excellent.

When Queen Victoria was a young girl, Eton was not perhaps the admirable school which it now is. The formidable Dr. Keate barely kept the rowdy, over-swollen classes in order, and the unfortunate Scholars endured hardships which, as Sir Edward Creasy, who had been a Newcastle Scholar in 1831, wrote, "would have broken down a cabin boy, and been thought inhuman if inflicted on a galley slave." The Eton system of education, a rigid adherence to Latin and Greek to the virtual exception of all other subjects, had remained unchanged for 300 years. The influence of Dr. Arnold at Rugby, an influence which was felt throughout, and transformed, the public schools' system, was strongly resisted at Eton. The last protagonist of the old Eton system, a charming, distinguished and scholarly one, was Dr. Edward Balston, whose headmastership in the 1860's is the subject of "Dr. Balston at Eton," by Thomas Balston (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.). This little book is an interesting period piece in the history of the public schools, and Balston, who was dismissed as a mere reactionary who would not allow French to be taught at Eton, is largely rehabilitated and shown as a great headmaster and probably one of the most popular with the boys which Eton has produced.

Another period piece is "The Romantic '90's," by Richard Le Gallienne, with an Introduction by Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde, M.P. Le Gallienne was one of the leading figures of the "naughty '90's"; a period of elegant literary decadence which was enshrined in the "Yellow Book," which takes its time from Oscar Wilde (though, as Mr. Hyde interestingly points out: "Oscar Wilde never contributed to its pages"); came to an abrupt end with Wilde's trial

and conviction. Indeed, the fact that the newspapers announced Wilde's downfall with: "Arrest of Oscar Wilde: Yellow Book Under His Arm," as John Lane, its publisher said, "it killed the Yellow Book and it nearly killed me." (In point of fact, it was not the Yellow Book but a yellow book which Wilde had under his arm.) Le Gallienne's book, although it is not an autobiography ("I leave that to men still in love with their own egos, that wondrous love-affair which is apt to outlive all others"), is a most charming picture of his life and times and that fascinating flare-up of literary imagination whose "purple sins" we now see to have been as extravagantly over-emphasised as Wilde intended them to be.

I have no space to do more than recommend with enthusiasm Mr. Connery Chappell's "Two Pleasures for Your Choosing" (Falcon; 12s. 6d.). A description of the life and times of William Crookford, one of the greatest gamblers of all time, who gave his name to Crookford, it is a most pleasantly readable evocation of the early nineteenth-century world of the Fancy, the Turf and the Gaming Hells.—E. D. O'BRIEN.

K. JOHN.



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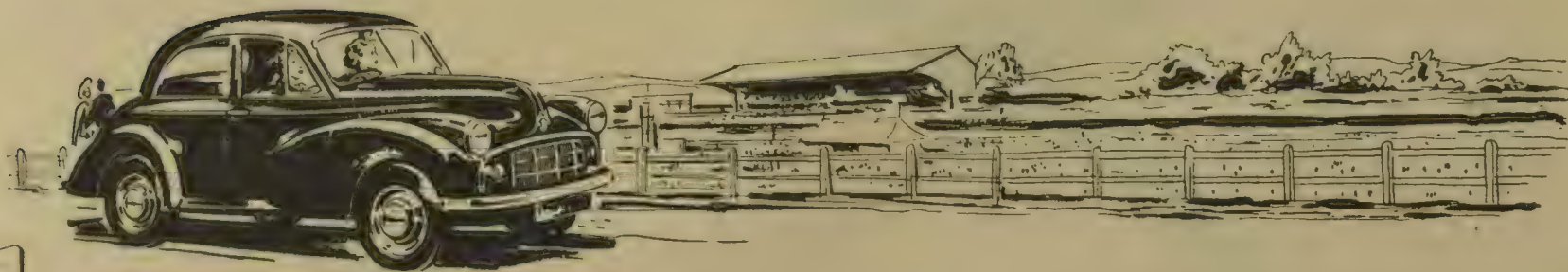


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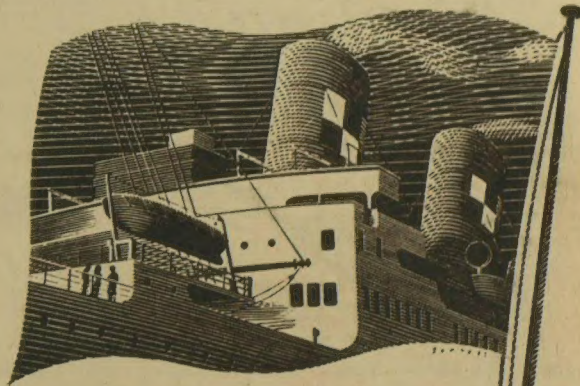
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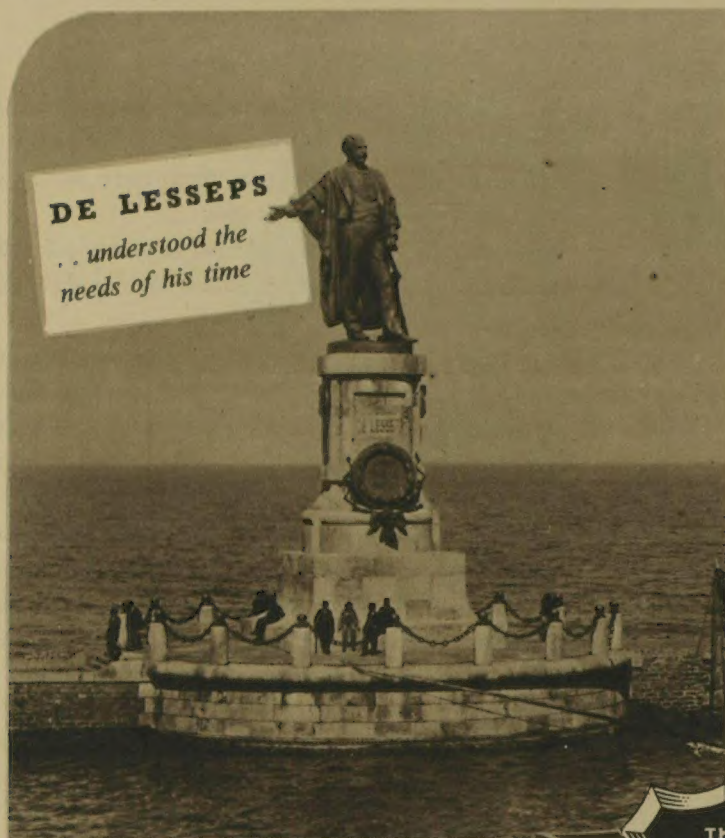
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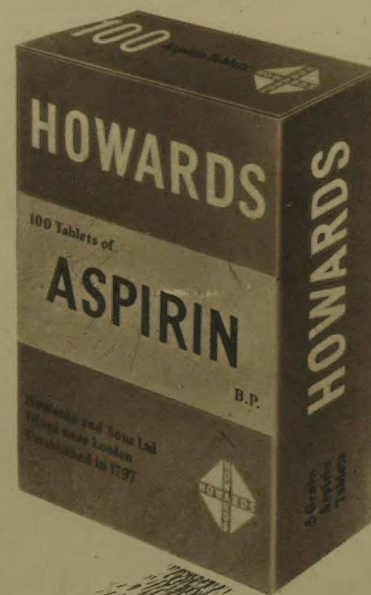
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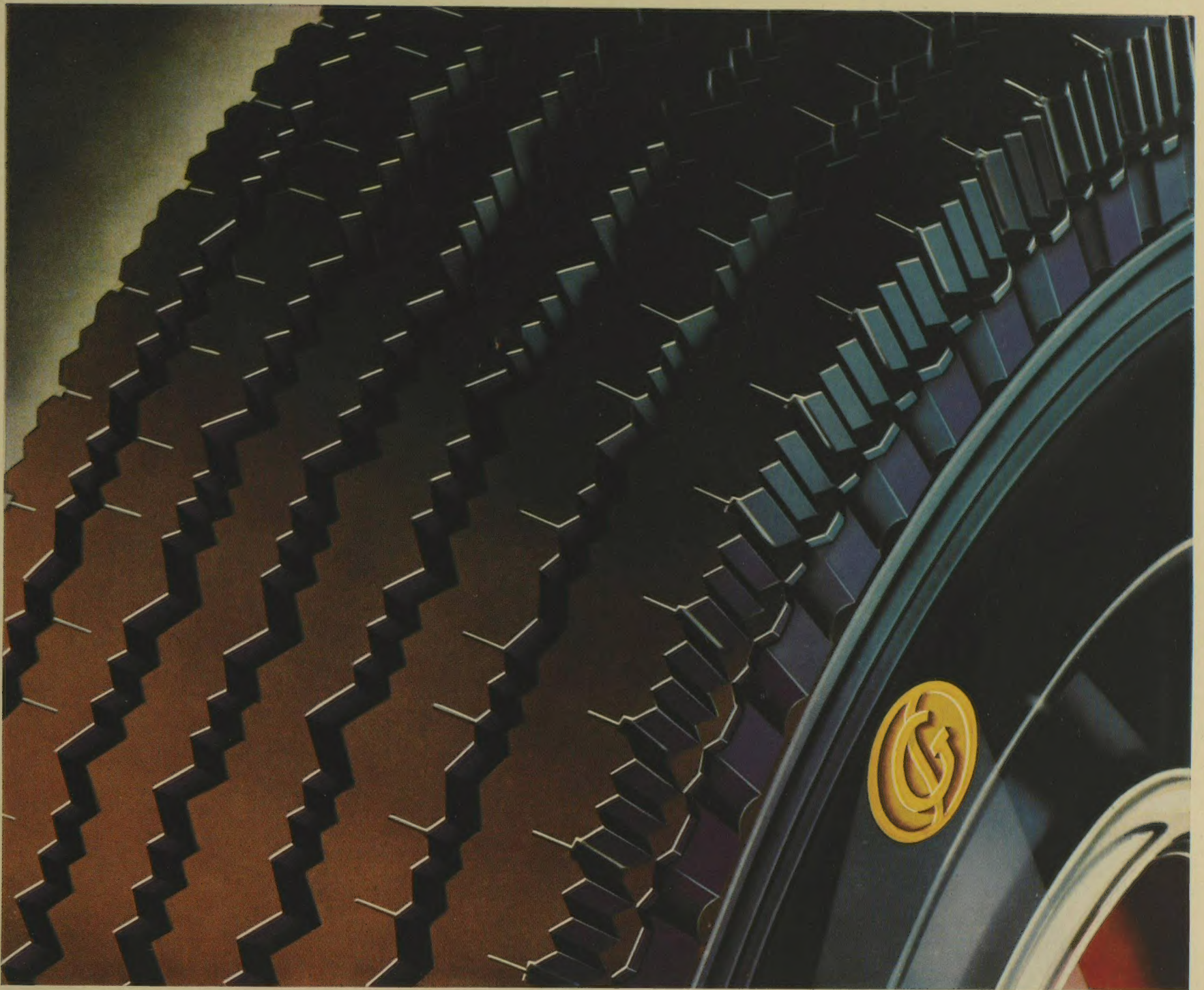
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